



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

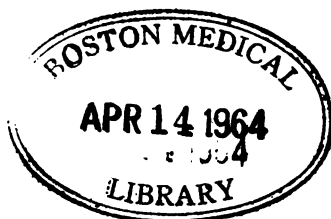
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

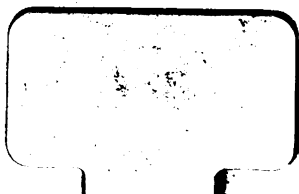
COUNTWAY LIBRARY



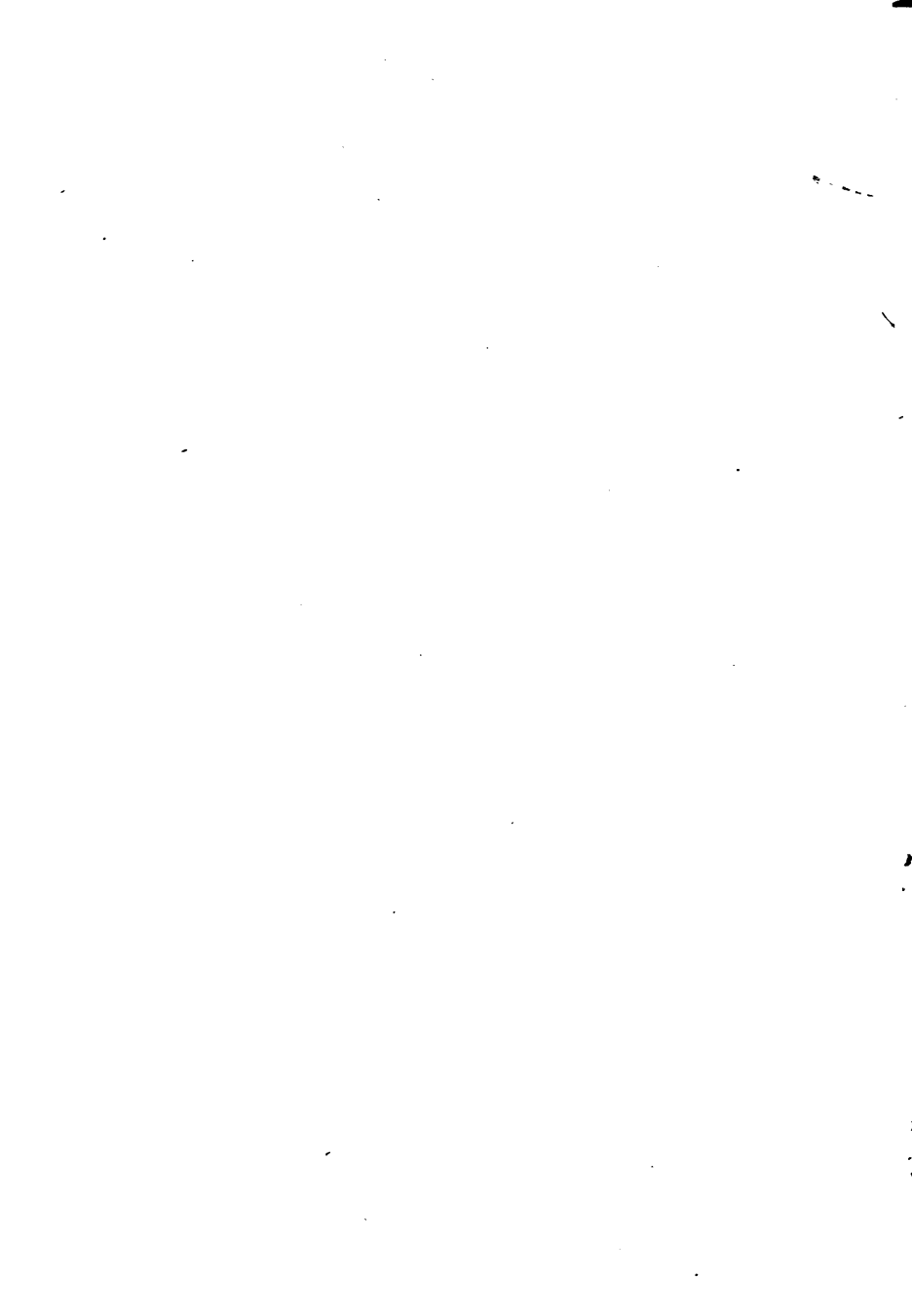
HC 21ME 2

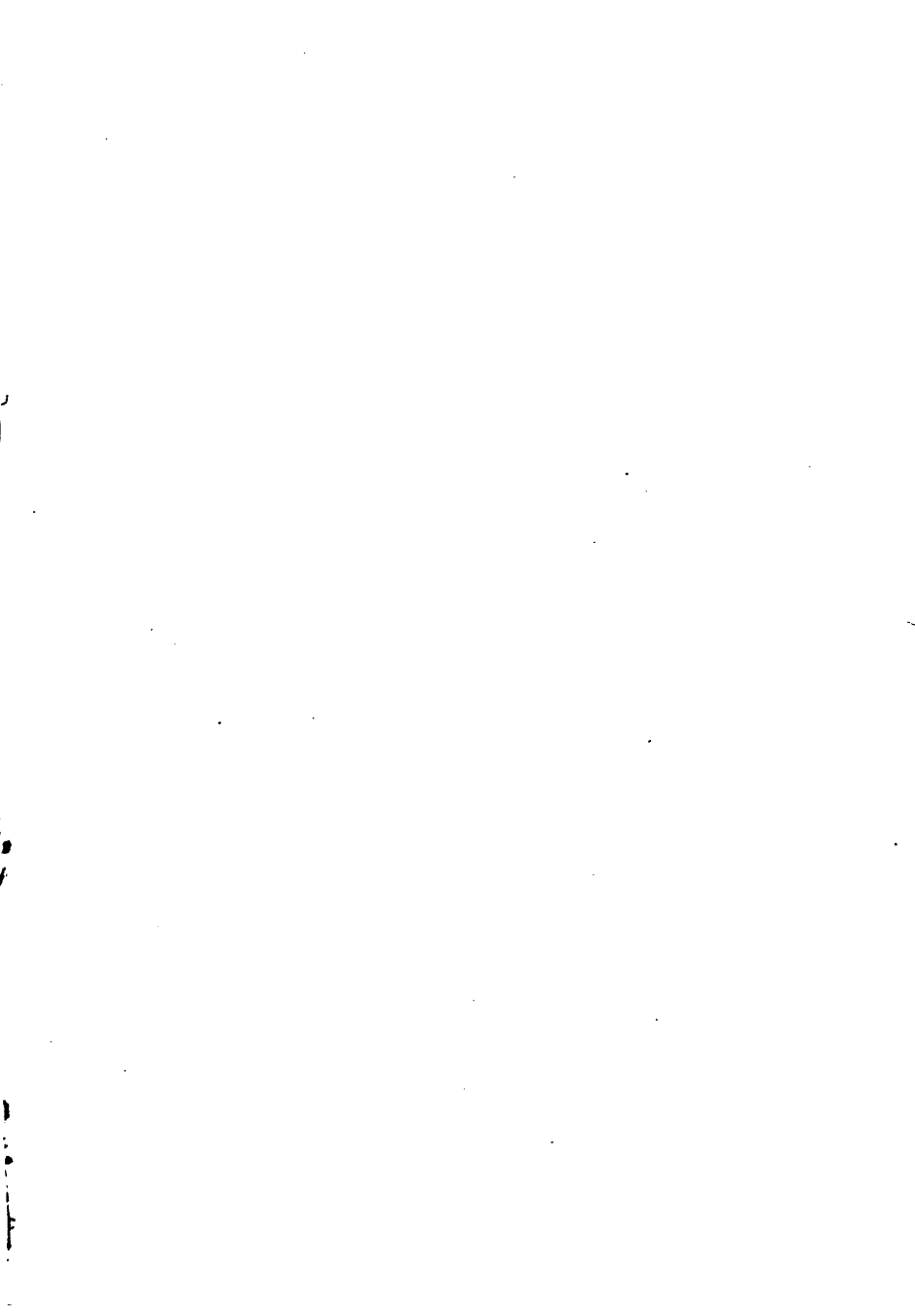


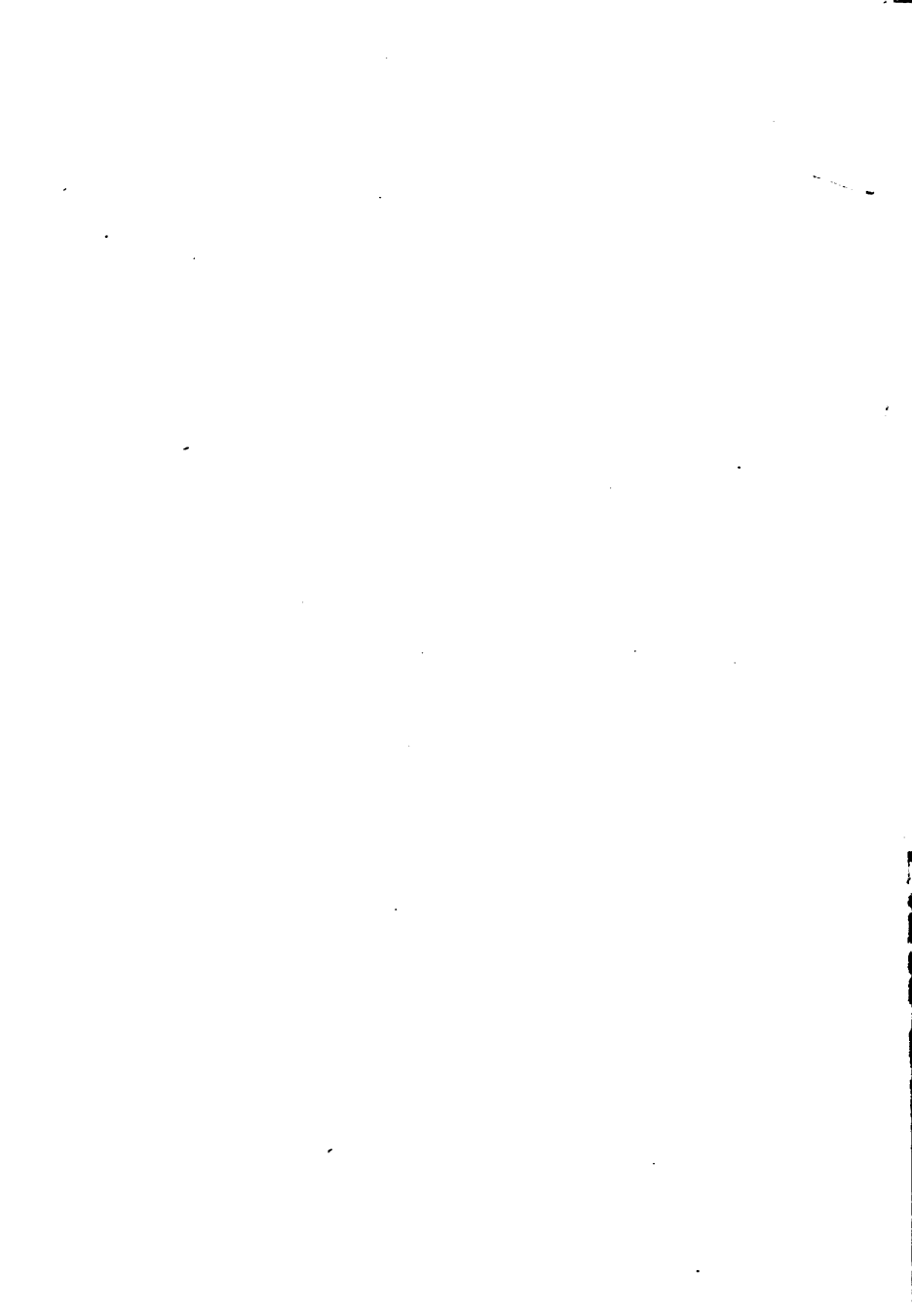
E.3822



Mr. J. H. B. Hall
101 Spring St.
as before









MARY A. JENKS, M. D.

BEHIND THE BARS;

OR,

TEN YEARS OF THE LIFE OF A POLICE MATRON.

BY

MARY A. JENKS, M. D.,

POLICE MATRON.

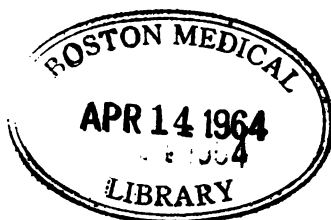
PRESIDENT OF THE PAWTUCKET W. C. T. U.

1902.

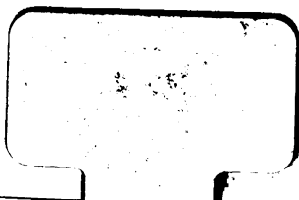
PUBLISHED AND SOLD BY THE AUTHOR,

MARY A. JENKS, M. D.,

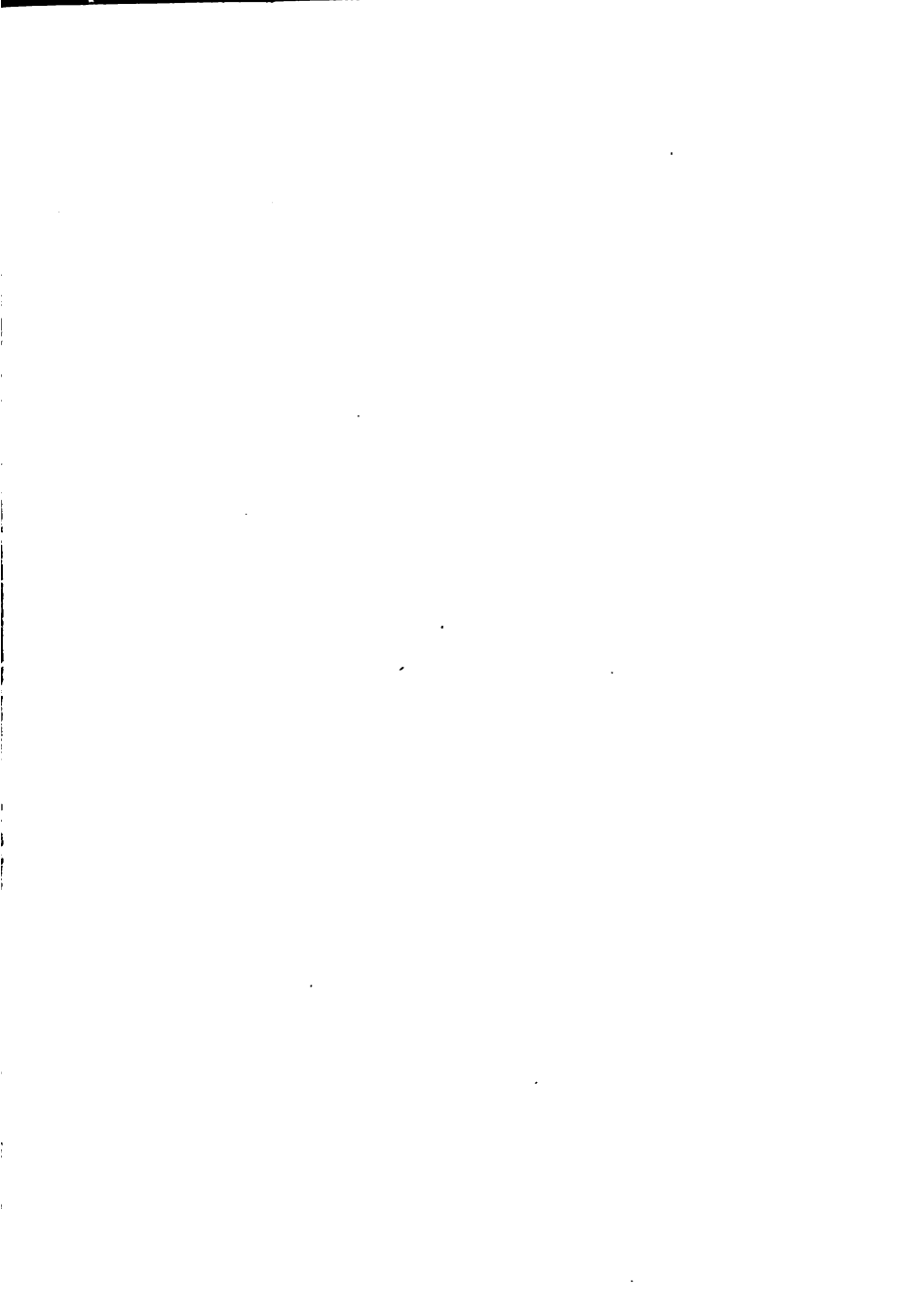
PAWTUCKET, R. I.

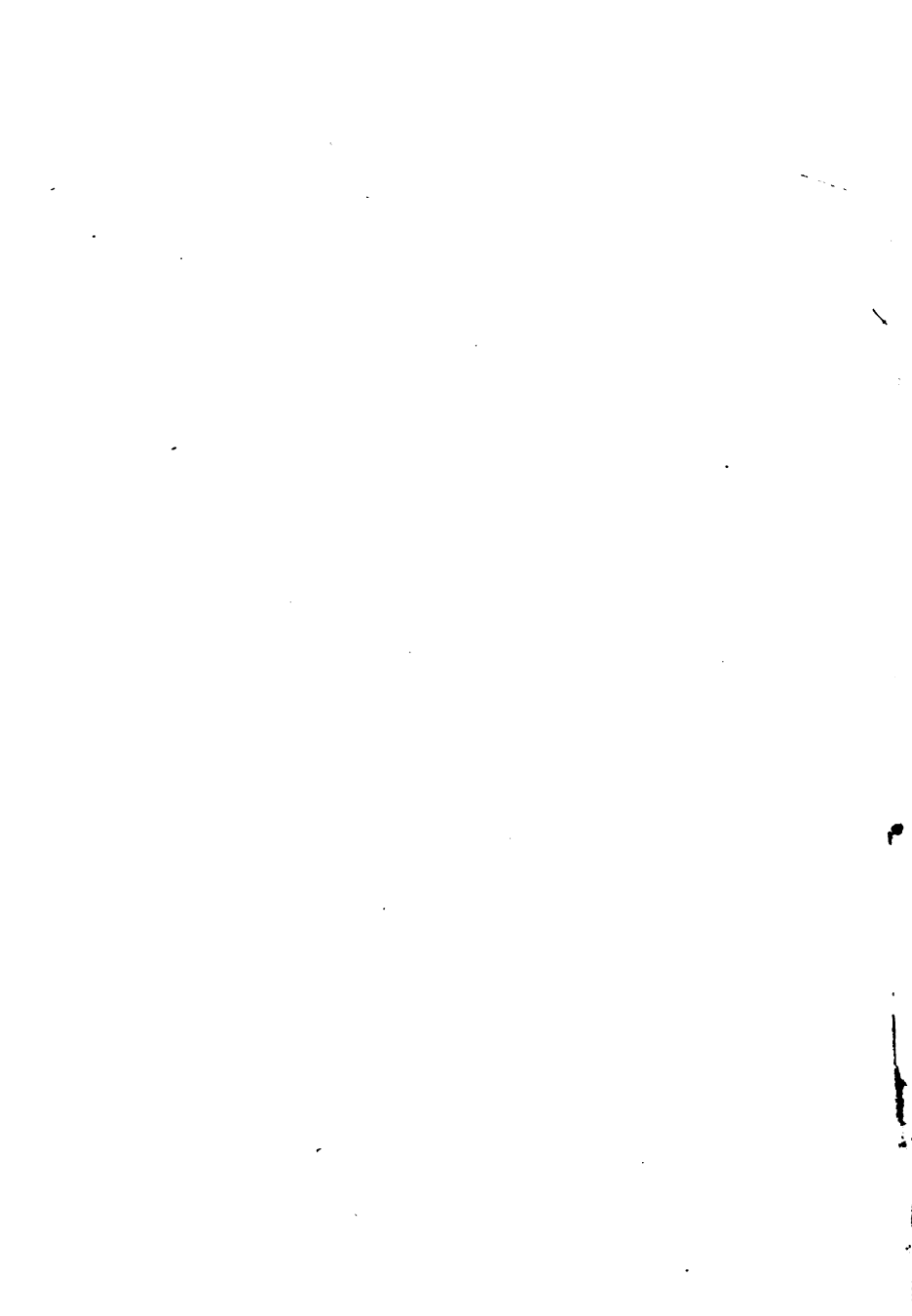


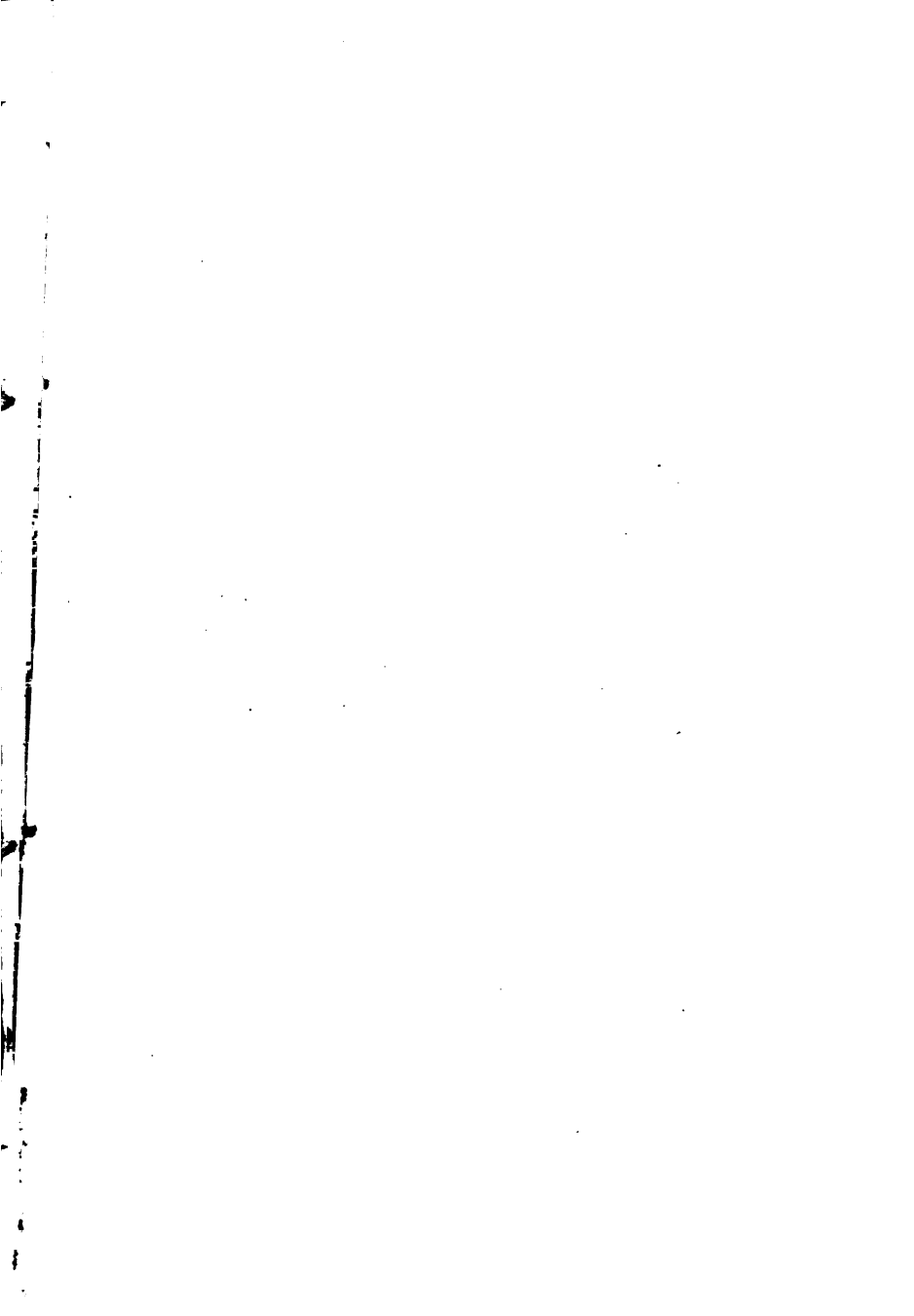
E.3822



Mr. J. B. B. B.
101 Spring St.
as to the







even the Mayor, had heard of it, we appeared before them again, this time armed with the panoply of the law, and there was no refusal. There were many applications, but our application was promptly accepted, and in due time Dr. Mary A. Jenks, of Providence, R. I., was installed in her office and has the distinction of being the first woman in the world that ever wore the silver badge of "Police Matron".

The Chief has since acknowledged his error, and the W. C. T. U. are held in the highest respect, on account of the fitness of our Matron for her work, and today they would on no account have the law repealed and the office of "Police Matron" abolished. After a few months' service her salary was raised \$300 on account of her professional abilities, which enabled her to attend cases of emergency, pending the arrival of the city physician, and many times making it unnecessary to call one.

BEHIND THE BARS.

BY

MARY A. JENKS M. D.,

POLICE MATRON.

CHAPTER I.

TAKING UP THE REINS.

Entering upon my duties as Police Matron of the city of Pawtucket, August 15th, 1893, at 8 a. m., I found three women prisoners in custody. They were soon disposed of, and I proceeded to adapt myself to the pleasant, comfortable quarters that had been provided for me, and to take into consideration the best possible manner of employing my time, during the intervals between arrests. At first, I shrank from stepping out of my room into any other part of the station, fearing lest I should seem intrusive. But the cordiality of the superior officers, marked courtesy and gentlemanly manners of all the officers, dispelled every hesitancy, and

assured me that a matron was a welcome addition to their number. Consequently, I assumed the role of housekeeper in down right earnest.

The first important need that claimed my attention was the neglected and unwholesome look the bedding and towelling presented. There being forty-five policemen, many of them occupied beds one part of the night at the station, making it necessary to make up nine beds. This, as well as all the cleaning and caretaking of the building, is done by one man, who is "Janitor". The laundry had for years been done by a woman who had grown old in her service as "washerwoman", and no longer strong enough for her task. Consulting the Chief of Police in regard to the matter, it was suggested that we make a change. The result of this was, all the former bed linen, towels, etc., were used in other ways to advantage, and new ones made to replace them. Since then, there has been plenty of bedding and toweling kept in the station, and as every day wear demands the same attention that we find in any well ordered home, the oft replenishing and constant supervision of affairs of this nature has been no minor part of the Matron's duty. Lost children are always brought to the police station and here placed in the Matron's care until claimed

by some reliable person. Insane men and women are also cared for pending commitment into a hospital or asylum. Many times the women who are brought in intoxicated, have young children, mere babes, with them. Stupid and helpless themselves, they cannot take care of the child, but the Matron must. Varied indeed are the duties of a Police Matron. This branch of work is more far-reaching than one can imagine.

Not only those who are criminals, but the unfortunates of all classes of women and girls are brought to our attention. The inebriate, lewd, wanton, deserted, neglected and abandoned, homeless, friendless, penniless and abused, appeal to our sympathies, and in various ways receive attention. Young girls who are just in their primaries and on the threshold of vice, must be admonished, warned, and at the same time disciplined. This requires wisdom, patience, justice and forbearance.

The sick, the aged, and the demented are among those who call for our tender consideration and heart-felt sympathy. We must turn a deaf ear to the imprecations and abuse from the rum crazed, and at the same time pity and deplore their condition.

One of the needs of this department of work for

unfortunate women has been to supply wearing apparel for those who are brought in, as many are half clad, often neither shoes, hat or wraps can be found, nor can they tell where they left them, if any they had. Through the press an appeal was made to the W. C. T. U. and all interested persons to send in cast-off garments. A liberal response to this appeal has continually enabled me to discharge or commit the prisoner (as the case demand) respectably and comfortably clothed, which not only gives credence to our work, "honor where honor is due", i. e., to the ladies of the city of Pawtucket.

Among other duties devolving upon a Police Matron, we find an extensive correspondence. This includes not only those from whom we are in touch with the work of reform, but people from other states, asking for information concerning this branch of women's work and the practical good resulting from it. In some instances wayward young girls have been found in questionable places and returned to their homes. Some have spurned advice and broken their good resolutions, and gone back to their old associates and to their cups. We must pity more than censure, and seek for and bring them back again and over again; ever bearing in mind the Master's words, "Not willing that any

should perish". Others call from time to time to "have a talk with the Matron" on some matter of business wholly foreign to rescue, or temperance work, but as a public servant, must listen to all, and with due courtesy and consideration attend to all. A woman comes into the Matron's room and 'mid sobs and tears she states a most pitiable case, imaginary or real, which threatens to wreck the home and scatter the little ones. There are too many broken homes, too many human wrecks.

Fortunately we have, in a few instances, been able to throw in the oil of reconciliation, and calm the troubled waters, so that peace and felicity now reign where turmoil and discord once bred confusion.

CHAPTER II.

OUR OPPORTUNITIES.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters",
With a faith both high and deep;
For the One who gives the promise,
Will thy offering safely keep.
After many days of watching
And of prayerful waiting, too,
Laden with God's choicest blessing,
It will return again to you.

Most people seem to have a strangely vague and irrepressible idea concerning public sentiment. Their attitude toward it is apparently much like that of the old lady who said: "It takes all sorts of folks to make a world, and I am glad I ain't one of them." So utterly do we fail to perceive ourselves as parts of that great whole, which in its entirety we criticise and deplore. Public sentiment is a vast composite affair, made up of hundreds and thousands of individual sentiments, and the character of the whole must depend upon the character of its parts. A clear and concise realization of this fact, with a keen sense of the individual responsibility which it imposes, are the only conditions upon which we

can hope for any improvement in this important matter.

This great aggregation of personal sentiment becomes the ruling force in any community. People who are laboring in a righteous cause, seeking to expose and subdue evil, know that the public sentiment which surrounds them, will be either like a favoring wind and tide bearing them onward, or like a dead weight fettering their best efforts. Those who are struggling hardest against the bitterest wrongs are the ones who feel this most deeply, and who are most interested in our work among fallen women.

A recent conversation with a venerable temperance worker brought this familiar thought to our mind. This man whose hair had grown white in the fight against organized wickedness, in high places and low places, and whose zeal is only equalled by his judgment and prudence, said with an earnestness which was indeed pathetic: "Our greatest trouble, our greatest hindrance lies in the fact that we have no public sentiment to support us in the things we are trying to do." And the things we are trying to do are these: to close gambling dens, saloons, places of evil repute, to suppress immoral and obscene literature, to vanquish

unclean show bills from our highways, and thereby make the moral atmosphere of our city clean and pure.

To such efforts as these we find public sentiment wanting. This we are prompt to regret; but do we stop to ask ourselves whether our fraction of the great public sentiment of the community in which God has placed us in this twentieth century is unequivocally on the right side? It is not enough that we are not on the wrong side. Indifference is as damaging as positive opposition. It is the inertia which comes from lack of knowledge and lack of thought that clogs the wheels of moral reform.

There is the greatest need that we who have in any measure, a clear moral vision should be very pronounced on all moral questions.

See what precautions are being taken to prevent the spread of smallpox, or guard against any contagion. Note the stringent laws regarding immigrants and the quarantine against cholera! Ah, men of Rhode Island! quarantine these rum shops! or better still eradicate them, root and branch.

They are pestilences far more to be feared, and more to be dreaded, than cholera or smallpox. For my part, I am willing to leave all epidemics, all contagious diseases, with the all wise and never

erring God. But this rum fiend, the fell destroyer of the soul and body of our nation's pride is the all important topic of today. I believe if parents, if mothers, of this State were thoroughly aroused to the dangers their sons and daughters were daily exposed, they would create a sentiment that would shake the very foundations of our civil government, and every sane man of whatever creed or nationality would come to the rescue,—to protect our children, and open the doors of upright manhood, social worth and honest wealth.

Some women are wishing they had the opportunity, a field of labor in which they might display their temperance principles, their Christian powers. To such I would say, grasp the small opportunities. In building a monument the mason keeps putting in bits of chips of granite, to wedge in and level up, support the weak places, and aid in the firmness and strength of the great monument that may stand the elements for years as a monarch of construction. But every little chip is an important support. So, dear sister co-worker, the least effort in this great work of reform is a mighty lever for good, and if in no other way you can don the little bow of white ribbon and show that you stand on the side of purity and right! As the God of all nations once

sent Deborah forth to meet the hosts of Amelekites, He sends us out to meet the wine bibbers, the moderate drinkers and the drunkard.

There are hundreds of homes today where as much bravery and courage is needed to help them do away with the wine drinking custom of society as was ever needed by Joan of Arc, and parents cannot be too careful of the tempting allurements thrown around the young, as they are stepping upon the threshold of society, as it may end in the "Woe unto you, mothers". Small as it may seem in its beginning, like the tiny rivulet adown the mountain side, it widens and deepens, flows on and on increasing in volume and rapidity, until its polluting influence is felt through the whole family circle, as the gentle rivulet becomes a great river and is at last swallowed up in the mighty ocean. Then we may ask, "Who hath woe"?— and echo answers, "Who hath woe"?

CHAPTER III.

HUMAN WRECKS.

Nothing to do! In this world of ours
Where weeds grow up with the fairest flowers,
Where smiles have only a fitful play,
Where hearts are breaking every day.

Nothing to do! Thou Christian soul,
Wrapping thee round in thy selfish stole?
Off with the garments of sloth and sin,
Christ thy Lord hath a kingdom to win.

Nothing to do! There are prayers to lay
On the altar of incense day by day;
There are foes to meet within and without
There is error to conquer strong and stout.

Nothing to do! There are minds to teach
The simplest form of Christian speech;
There are hearts to lure with loving wile,
From the grimmest haunts of sin's defile.

Nothing to do! There are lambs to feed,
The precious hope of the Church's need;
Strength to be borne to the weak and faint,
Vigils to keep with the doubting saint.

Nothing to do! and thy Saviour said:
"Follow thou me in the path I tread."
Lord lend thy help the journey through,
Lest faint we cry, "So much to do."

In these days of enlightenment, of investigation and agitation, it is hard to realize that there are men and women who profess to have given their hearts to the Master and have consecrated their lives

to his service, who are yet careless and indifferent to the misery suffering and degradation about them. They cannot fail to see it; and how can one look upon these human wrecks, clothed in all the garb this evil produces, and all the repulsive forms imaginable, going up and down every street of our cities, and byways and highways of the villages and country places; how can Christian people witness these things and listen to the cries and groans of despair; the wails of the weak and helpless ones, and not be moved to aid in the work of rescue and relief? What greater call to "buckle on the armor of God", the whole armor, and work for the weak against this mighty evil?

Night and day this shameful and largely shameless work is going on; if one falls from the ranks another steps into the procession, and on they tramp, tramp to their doom! Occasionally one is snatched away like a brand from the burning, by the loving, agonizing efforts of some Samaritan's desperate hands, or almost superhuman courage; but when the vanguard goes over the precipice, the rear is reinforced and the ranks remain unbroken.

Some other one for whom a mother entered the jaws of death, steps into the gap, and the awful work goes on, and the professed followers of the

•

Master go their respective ways. Were you to step up to one, and ask him to aid you in saving this man or that woman, or to use his ballot which is his influence to check this evil, he would say, "Am I my brother's keeper? What is it to me?" It would be hard to convince him that a great responsibility rests upon him individually. If we could but realize that in every one of these human wrecks there dwells an immortal soul, for whom the Saviour died, heart and soul that are capable of good things, if only they could be rescued from the bondages of drink and vice—twin evils. I believe there are many today who would accept the proffered opportunity to prove their devotion to the Master, and their love for their neighbor.

There are many praying fathers and mothers who do realize the enormity of this evil, and today are wondering why they are so often disappointed in their petitions for aid in this rescue work. Perhaps it is because they think they can do little or nothing of themselves, but are looking to their "Pastor", or to the "Powers that be" to act. They forget that there is a work for them to do, an individual work. They must not only pray and talk in the church and temperance meetings for the suppression of this liquor traffic, but they must work for it, put out a

few dollars, if need be, sacrifice, be brave and courageous, stand alone, if loyalty of principle demand such a position. They must feel the claims of humanity upon them, put away selfishness and cease the abomination of petition—for us four and no more. There is far too much selfishness in this world of ours. We need to get a clearer view of our own accountability to God, for the use we have made of our means, of our talents, and the blessings we have had bestowed on us. We need to ask God to aid us to step out of our careless indifference, or timidity, and take a place where we can work and show to the world that though our armor had slipped a trifle from position, that we have readjusted it, and have redoubled our energies. We have not taken a “hatchet” but sword of the Spirit, and shall strive harder to win the victory that is sure to come, when we lift up the lamp of the gospel of love and purity, showing these poor unfortunate sinned against wrecks, that we do indeed care for them, that we pity more than censure the cravings of appetite and weakness of mind that make them “human wrecks”.

“Up, Christians, up and be doing;
Rise from your long repose;
If you take not the part of your Saviour,
You take the part of His foes.”

CHAPTER IV.

THE DARK SIDE.

"Comfort one another,
For the way is growing dreary,
And the feet are often weary,
And the heart is very sad;
There is a heavy burden-bearing,
When it seems that none are caring,
And we half forget that ever we were glad."

"Comfort one another,
With the hand-clasp close and tender,
With the sweetness love can render,
And the looks of friendly eyes.
Do not wait with grace unspoken
While life's daily bread is broken—
Gentle speech is oft like manna from the skies."

Police Matron work is indeed missionary work; not only debauchery and crime, but cruelty, want, misery, insanity, destitution, abandonment and helplessness appeal to our sympathies. Heart-rending incidents are daily brought to notice, and experience convinces me that but for the influences of those licensed hotbeds of crime,—the saloons,—there would be no need of barred doors, prison cells

or Police Matrons. Little ones would no longer stand pleading with clasped hands and tear-stained cheeks, crying, "Oh, mamma, mamma, 'tis the drink that brought you here! Oh, dear good lady, please do let my mamma come home to baby and me. I will take care of her. I will not let the 'cop' get her again. I will not go for beer for her again, if she beats me to death. O, do please let my poor mamma come home!"

Think of the strain upon these little ones' nerves at such a time; think of the surroundings and the example set before these sons and daughters. Is it any wonder that these children, reared midst pollution and schooled in sin, should follow in the parents' footsteps?

"What can the harvest be?"

In several instances the mother and daughter have been arrested and placed in separate cells at the same time. Again the father and mother have been brought in at one time, the man occupying a cell in the male department, while the woman, cursing, screaming and raving in delirium, occupied a cell in the female ward, both in a brutal frenzy that was as pitiable as it was horrible.

Would you know how the poor children fared at home? Let me tell you:

The eldest, a girl eight years old, came to the station in the morning to see her mother. She said: "Mamma, I have brought you some tomatoes, there was nothing else in the house to eat." The woman took them spitefully from the little thin hand that tremblingly held them, and said: "Now you go to your aunt in Central Falls (a distance of nearly two miles), and tell her to send money to pay your father and me out." This was at 9:30 Sunday morning. At 2 P. M. the child came back without the money to pay the fines. It was a very warm day in June, and the poor little girl was tired, hungry and nearly "melted"—as she expressed it. But the enraged mother had no sympathy, and said very harsh things, calling her hard names and threatening to "break every bone in her body" if she did not get the money somewhere, or if she "stayed so long again she would pull every hair off her head." I gave the child a lunch of such as I had at hand. It being Sunday, I could get only a few cookies and a glass of milk.

The mother then sent her to Hebronville. I do not know how far she had to go to find the people she was sent to, but as near as we could judge it was five miles. At 6 o'clock early evening, she returned without the money, and dared not go into

the room where she could see her mother, but pale, frightened and terribly excited, begged me to shield her and not ask her to go in and tell the mother she could get no money. When I told her Katie could not get the fine she flew in a passion, accused the child of lying and threatened everything horrid and inhuman. At last I interfered with this just law (?) and went to the Chief and pleaded the cause of this poor spirit crushed child, which resulted in the discharge of my prisoner. She was allowed to go home at half-past seven. What a day! What a Sabbath that poor child had spent! Would the experience of that day be forgotten? Never! Must the hallowed name of "Mother" ever be associated with that circumstance in that daughter's mind? Alas! that it is indelibly stamped on that young heart. This is but one of the many such cases. Our prisons, workhouses and reformatories are full, yet for every trivial offence prisoners are committed to jail. Some for 38 days, some for six months, nine months and often for a year, as the nature of the case seem to demand.

Hands should be stretched out on every side to prevent women and girls from being sent to prison. The question is, what can be done with them? This is a problem that can never be solved alone from

the pulpit, or in the schools, by the press, or at the portals of the prison. It must be decided at the polls. When men vote as they pray, and pray "Thy will be done", we can have rooms to rent in the jails, and almshouses can be turned into hotels.

Another important topic worthy of consideration is the tramp question. Perhaps some reader is saying to themselves: What have "tramps" to do with police matron's work? Thirty-five out of every hundred cared for by me have been "lodgers". I do not call the women "tramps". Yet they come seeking a night's lodging just as the men do. Many a man who seeks a night's lodging at the police station cannot be considered a tramp, as not all who are tramping are "tramps".

These people, men or women, are looking for employment. Some are strangers here, all are without means to provide lodging in other quarters. Often they do not succeed in gaining an interview with employers or contractors, and are told to call again the next day. If they can see these men on the morrow, they may tell them to "come to work on Monday". If they have been given a lodging for the first time on Friday night, they can stay at the station Saturday night. But if they come for the third time on Sunday night the Tramp Law makes a vagrant of them.

The Statutes read: "Any person without a home in the town in which he may be found wandering about without employment, shall be deemed a tramp, and dealt with accordingly."

Our city laws read: "Any one applying to any police station three nights in succession, shall be arrested and sent to prison as a vagrant."

Therefore to have no home and be seeking employment among strangers is a crime in many parts of the United States.

A woman is working in one of the mills. She receives her weekly wage today; this evening goes to call on a friend (?) who treats her to beer. She becomes quarrelsome or perhaps starts for her home, and falls or sits down on some one's steps, where she is found by a policeman and brought to the station. She perhaps knows nothing until morning, then, all too late, she bemoans her misfortune. She has spent her money, or lost it, has lost her situation, and being arraigned, stands confronted with the \$2 and costs, which means \$4.60. Where are her friends? Not one comes near her. She cannot pay her fine and may go to the State Workhouse and House of Correction for thirty-eight days.

On returning from the workhouse she has no money, no employment and no friends. She looks

for work, but finds none. When night comes, she finds herself supperless, homeless and out in the cold! Of course she comes to the station to me. She is well aware that I can and will take her in, and make her comfortable for the night. Again as the day dawns the poor woman starts out to find a place in some mill, shop, boarding house, or anything to earn a living by. But at the close of the second day of failure she finds a place, where is it? Back in the old haunts of vice, among her former associates and beer-drinking companions.

They celebrate her return from jail by filling her up with stale beer and bad whiskey, and she gets into the toils of justice again only to sink deeper and deeper in the mire of ruined hopes, blighted ambition and crushed womanly pride.

These women are to be pitied! What opportunity have they to reform? If they go to a house to seek a situation as a domestic, the first question to them is, "Where did you work last?" The second, "Why did you leave there?" There is no chance for a third. The poor, unfortunate girl is told, "We can do nothing for you." If there could be a Rescue Home for these unfortunate girls, a home with many kinds of work, such as laundry, baking,

cooking, sewing and plain mending, or any work that a woman could do!

The only requisite to gain admittance to this home should be the asking for it. The former life or conduct of its inmates not to be made public. They should each share in the work of the home, as they share the comfort and accommodations of the home until enabled to secure good situations elsewhere.

Such a home should be our first and greatest effort in the line of temperance reform.

The saddest side of my labors is the thought that so many turn a deaf ear to all entreaties, and after many promises to leave their evil associates and make an earnest effort to reform, they go back to their cups. We are powerless to hold them. Again comes the prayer from the depths of our heart that God in His infinite mercy would open a door of safety to some fold, away from the pitfalls of sin, that are yawning to engulf perishing women and helpless children.

May God help us to throw out the life line ere it be too late!—too late!



A SHADOW IN THE HOME.

CHAPTER V.

"A SHADOW IN THE HOME."

"Thoughts of pity and compassion,
Thoughts of gentleness and love,
Thoughts of peace, and not of evil,
Come from Thee, the heavenly dove;
Thoughts of making earth more heavenly,
By obedience to Thy will,
Thoughts of loving one another,
Thy great purpose to fulfill."

"There's a shadow in the home."

Yes, there is a shadow deep and heavy in many homes today, clouds of murky darkness overhang many a parental roof, and settle on hearts old and young. A little girl, scarcely seven years old, came to the police station door as I was going out to breakfast one morning, and with such a sad and tearful look, said with tremulous voice: "Mrs. Matron— is— my— mamma locked up?" I was thankful that I could relieve the dear child's anxiety by telling her the mother was not "locked up". If ever you have seen the sun suddenly burst forth from behind a cloud and shine dazzlingly bright, you can imagine the change in that child's countenance.

Her eyes, before filled with tears, now fairly glistened with joy, as she said: "Oh, I am so glad! When I woke up this morning mamma was gone and you did have her once, so I thought she might be here now. She had some beer in last night, and papa did not come home either. Baby is sleeping—and I am so cold."

I turned to go back into the station and notify the authorities, when the little one saw her mamma coming out of a saloon, and ran to meet her. I walked on behind them, the woman with unsteady step, the little one beside her asking in pleasing tones: "Mamma, where were you? Where were you, mamma? There is no fire and it is all so cold." I heard no answer, but thought. There is a shadow on that little life; a cloud over her heart that time itself will not wholly lift. There is a miasma in the atmosphere of that child's home that is more to be dreaded than any malignant contagion.

This text often comes to my mind, especially when I hear men advocating "license": "For what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Any man who votes for license is helping his fellow men on to destruction. How can any man think of advocating the liquor

traffic in this enlightened age? Every day we see the evil effects that alcohol produces, no one can deny it, yet men of good sound sense stand ready to help on this terrible evil.

I was talking with a veteran of the war not long ago, and he said to me: "It is no use; liquor will always be sold; the best thing to do is to have high license." He claimed it was all right to sell, only make the seller pay for the privilege of selling.

I said: "No, if it is right to sell it, let it be sold as molasses, tea, flour or sugar are sold."

He quickly replied: "No, every Irishman would have it in his kitchen, and the whole country would be murdered."

I said: "But you seem to be perfectly willing to have the whole country murdered, if the rumseller pays a license for doing so."

Is it not strange that men who were so eager to abolish slavery thirty-five years ago should now be so willing to let "slavery" abound as it does in their own State and in their own homes even? For drunkenness is the worst kind of "slavery" that ever invaded our country. It not only ruins the body but sends the soul to everlasting destruction.

The sin of selling liquor is just the same before God, whether licensed or not licensed. It makes a

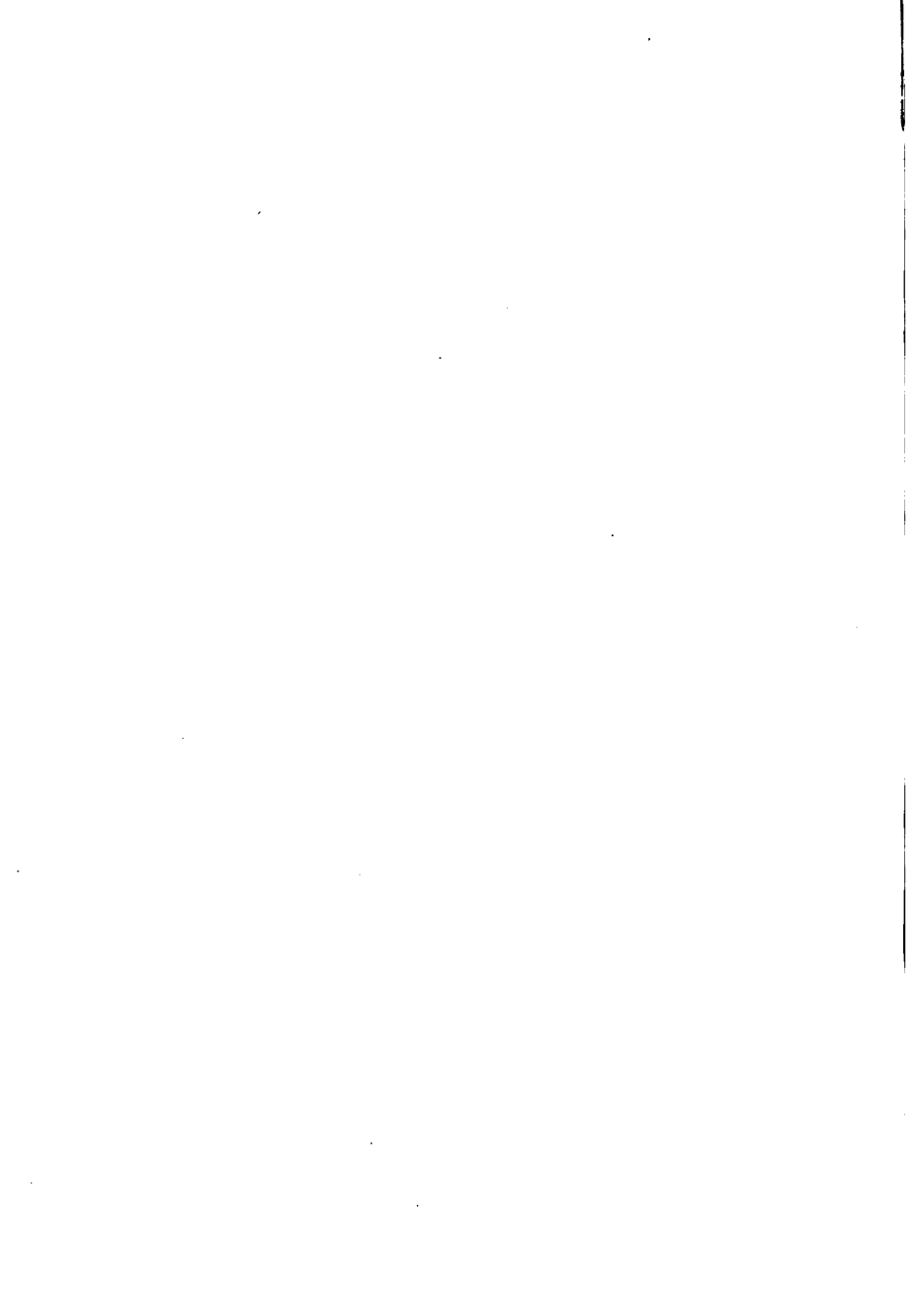
fiend of a man just the same whether he buys it of licensed rumseller, of a druggist or of an unlicensed man. There are a class of voters who do not relish the liquor traffic, but dare not come out and vote for prohibition, because, they say, "Prohibition cannot carry the election", and their party would lose their vote. So they claim that for this reason they are justified in not voting the Prohibition ticket. Can we call this principle?

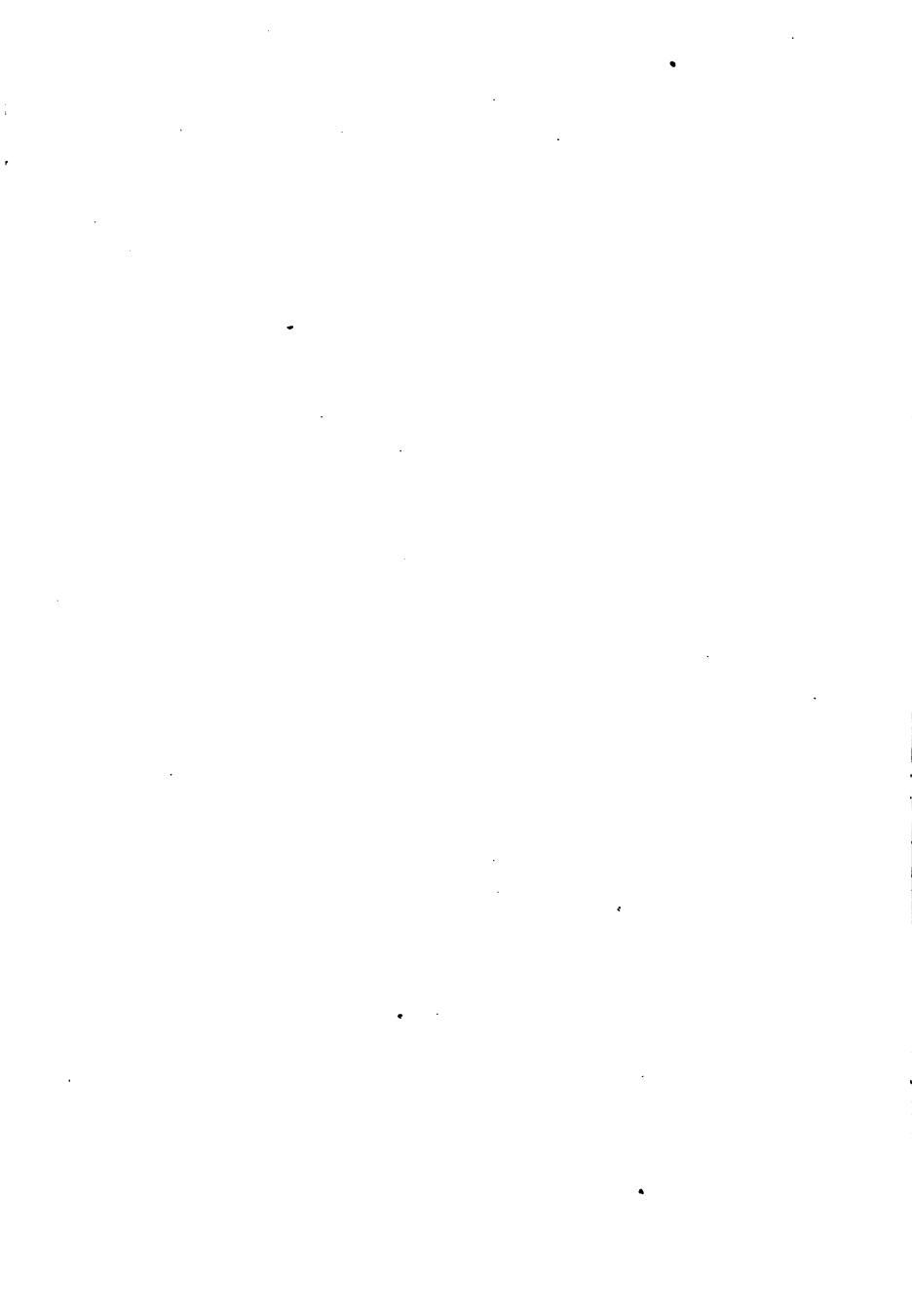
Any man who fears God, and keeps his commandments, cannot conscientiously vote any other than the Prohibition ticket; for God says: "Thou shalt not kill". And if a man votes for license, or the liquor traffic, he knows he is casting his vote for that which will kill, and send the soul to eternal death. May the time speedily come when men will be ready to vote for God and home, and not for party.

When the Queen of Sheba returned from her visit to Solomon, and exclaimed: "The half has never been told," she must have overlooked the hydra-headed monster of Intemperance that stalked through the country even at that day. But in this 20th century it may well be said, the half can never be told. Could the reader go with the Matron into a cell where lies an old, white haired, emaciated

woman, whose clothes are filthy in the extreme, cold, wet, and frozen on her. She was found drunk on the street! Who she is, where she belongs, we have no way of knowing, as she is unconscious, hopelessly, helplessly intoxicated. But she is somebody's mother; for hours and hours we watch her, lest she roll over on to her face and smother, or perchance a stroke of apoplexy, following this debauch, may close the scene on earth and the sad awakening be in eternity, and this is not imagination but a reality, in more cases than one.

Again we may be able to locate the friends of the poor unfortunate creatures, and the heart-rending scenes that follow the recognition of friends, beggar description. No one need to ask of the grief stricken children: Who hath woe?







VIENNA'S CHILDREN.

CHAPTER VI.

VIENNA AND HER THREE CHILDREN.

Nothing is lost—the tiniest seed,
By wild birds borne, or breezes blown,
Finds something suited to its need,
Wherein 'tis sown and grown.

In a quiet little village, on the shores of Narragansett Bay, nearly twelve years ago, one bright May morning, a beautiful young girl bedecked in bridal robes, crowned with orange blossoms, placed her hand where her heart had already been given into the keeping of the man who had sought her love, and who now promises before "God and these witnesses", to love, cherish and protect until separated by death. Vienna was the father's pride, the mother's companion and joy, and it seemed to them that the sunlight of happiness went out of the home when this daughter left her parents, to brighten the home of another.

Still they felt it to be selfish on their part to deny her her chosen companion, and so bring a cloud over her hitherto happy life. Harry was considered a worthy young man, a man of some means, having also a good trade. Alas! they did not know what Vienna did: that Harry now and then drank a glass of beer or a glass of wine. "Only as a social compliment," he told; besides, he "could leave it off any time he chose to". She felt sure that he would.

"There was no need of mentioning this to papa and mamma, for them to worry about." Thus argued the girl with her own conscience; for in her heart of hearts she knew she was treading on dangerous ground.

Now the great mill of bitterness looms up between her and her Harry, seemingly with a placard set on the top of it on which is written "Only a social compliment". I wish you could have seen her, as I saw her, one dark, stormy night, when at midnight she sought shelter from the pitiless storm, and protection from her drunken husband's brutal treatment.

Poor Vienna, benumbed with cold and nearly paralyzed with fear, was cared for and with her three little children calmed and made comfortable for the night, while the man that had beaten and

thrown them out of doors was behind the bars, afterwards sentenced to serve a term at the State Workhouse for "wife beating".

No mahogany bars, or decorated saloons, no gilded specimens of art, no clinking of glasses, or mosaic floors can lend their charms to him as "social compliments", but, on the contrary, must add to his remorse as he listens to the sounds of the lock-step tread, the clang of the great iron doors and the grating of the iron locks. As he can only look upon the cold stone walls instead of the blue arch of heaven, what must be his thoughts?

Can it be that thoughts of the dear little prattlers, whom he has left to the mercy of cold charity, haunt his dream? Or does the bride of twelve years ago, in her innocence and purity, ever stand by his side in the prison cell?

Now let us leave poor Harry, with hope and trust in the Divine Keeper, and go back to Vienna and her three little ones, aged four, six and eight years, bright, pretty and interesting children. One night soon after the husband went to jail some one told her that "her husband had been bailed out", and was coming home, and fearing this might be true, she became so nervously excited that at ten o'clock at night she came half crazed with fear, and trembling

from head to foot, with her three children applied to the police station for a night's lodging, or in other words protection again. The kind hearted Sergeant assured her that her fears were groundless, and urged her to go back to her home,—the miserable abode she called Home! For shame! that the sacred name of Home should be so desecrated!

But the poor, frantic, unnerved, little woman could not be quieted and I offered "to lend a hand". The Sergeant consented, soon the quartette were comfortably sheltered for the night. As one after another of the little "tots" were disrobed, they knelt by mamma's knee and lisped the "Now I lay me".

The eldest, a little blonde beauty of eight summers, repeated the "Lord's Prayer", and added "God bless mamma, and God bless papa and make him a good papa, so mamma won't cry so much." Who can doubt that little prayer will be answered? When we are every day witnesses of such heart-stirring scenes do you wonder that in our anguish we cry out, "What can be done"? Some one will ask, "Where are Vienna's parents"? They lie side by side in the village cemetery.

She saw them go to their graves within two years of one another, almost broken-hearted over the mistake of her life.

Had Vienna been honest with her own convictions, and told her parents that Harry Kingsly was a "moderate drinker", as he really was, that she knew it, but hoped to reclaim him, taking his word that he could "leave it off any time he chose to", she might have been spared all this trouble, and today instead of a "broken vase" there might have been a happy home.

Young girls, beware, lest you take such a leap in the dark. Parents, look well to it that you find the bad, as well as the good, qualities of the man to whom you would trust your daughter's welfare.

This little mother is left alone with her birdlings, supporting them by working in the mill, sometimes leaving them at the day nursery, often alone in the house; but always committing them to the care of "Our Father". She must still plod on in the same lonely, weary way, until the Dear Father shall take them to the "Mansions prepared for them"—or in answer to Lizzie's prayer, "make papa a good man".

As she left the police station with her birdlings that morning, to return to the beggarly nest, she turned to me with tears in her eyes, saying: "May God bless you. I have not had such a comfortable bed in the last ten years—never since my husband sold off all of my things, but—" here she broke

down completely and said: "Oh, if Harry only would be good to us! only be kind to the children!" She could say no more, and in silence, only broken by sobs, gave my hand a gentle shake, then pressed it to her face, where with a touch of her lips, it received the hot tears as they fell, and I prayed in my heart that her burden might never be heavier.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DECREASING INFLUENCE OF LIQUOR.

It is doubtful if any department of work adopted by the W. C. T. U. can more forcibly appeal to the sympathies or bring us more closely in touch with the Master than the ministering to fallen women, whose habits of vice and intemperance has placed them in a prison cell. Brought in as they sometimes are stupefied and unconscious, from the effects of a long debauch, they are tenderly cared for, and patiently watched lest they should die in an alcoholic stupor. When upon coming out of the stupor, or recovering from a wild delirium as the case may be, she seems to wake up to a realizing sense of her condition. Then she will cry out with fright, or remorse, and often abuse her best friends, and rave with the idea that she has been abused, cannot tell how she came in the hands of the law, or why she is deprived of her liberty. It would drive any of us to distraction to wake up some morning and find

ourselves in some prison cell with no kind of an idea how or when we came there. Such is often the case, a girl comes to the city with a friend, (?) they wander around "sight seeing", drop in this place for a lunch and in that place for a glass of soda, at last they are near an attractive place, may be called the "Rialto", the "Woodbine", or any other romantic name, but it is a cesspool of ruin all the same. Gilded signs, stained glass windows, marble front, or granite steps, do not conceal the traffic in souls, there is no protection for virtue or honor inside this treacherous trap, and many a young girl or woman has entered one of these places but to wake up in a cell behind the bars.

The poor girl moaning, crying, sometimes screeching at the top of her voice, will calm down the moment she sees a woman coming towards her, and generally becomes submissive if not perfectly quiet. Midst their wildest ravings I can often reach their heart by asking them about their mother, or if a mother, I speak of the baby or children.

Women 70, and in two cases women 80 years of age were picked up off the street and brought in to the station, utterly helpless. One woman died in alcoholic stupor. She was 74 years old, and had not sufficient vitality to enable her to recover.

Young girls not out of their 'teens, and middle aged women, apparently well dressed, and from the higher classes in life, but all from the same source, i. e., Intemperance. Three generations have been represented at one time in the women's department. The grandmother in one cell, the mother in another and the babe of four months in the Matron's room.

One of the most pitiable and pathetic cases was that of a little girl eleven years old, who was brought in from a questionable house, raving, screaming and struggling in the arms of a fatherly policeman, who tried to soothe and quiet her as best he could, but to no avail. With all her might the child kept screeching: "I'm drunk! Oh, mamma, mamma, I'm drunk! Where are you, mamma? I can't see, I'm drunk! Will I die? Will I die? Oh, mamma, come to your Annie!"

This wail of woe and terror was kept up until from sheer exhaustion, the dear child fell asleep, her poor aching head resting on a pillow held on the bed by the Matron's hand, for in her wild delirium and agony, she would throw it far from her as if it were a coal of fire and cry out "My head, my head! Give me a pillow!"

This child was enticed into this disreputable place and given whiskey until her screams aroused the

neighbors who notified the police. The story of this little girl, told after her mind became clear, was shocking!

What could men, though they were kind hearted officers, and Pawtucket can boast of this quality, have done with this dear, helpless child, had no woman been in attendance?

She was in all ways as helpless as a babe of two months the moment the delirium subsided.

Nine hours we spent in active endeavor to aid nature to assert her rights and eliminate the poison.

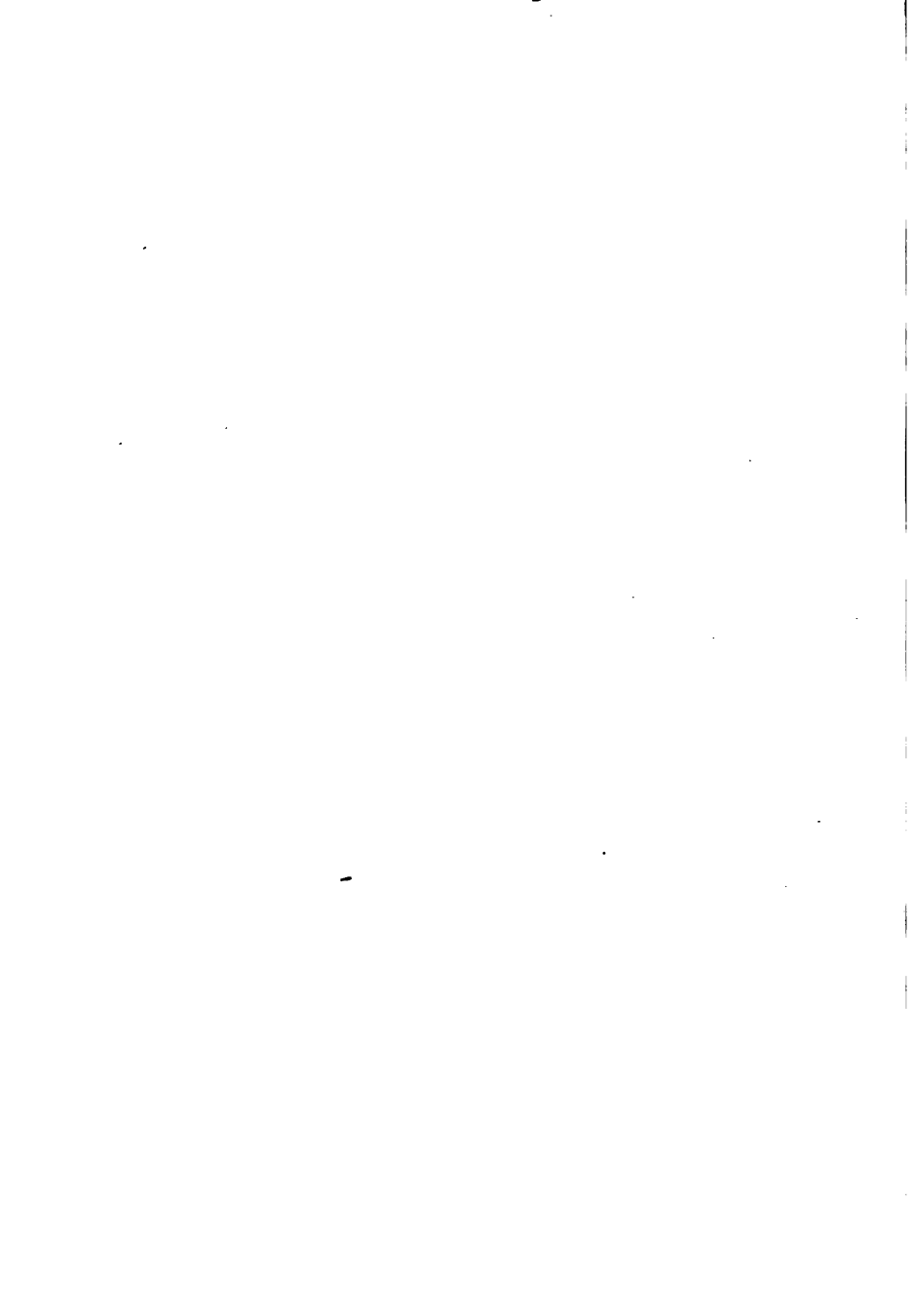
Is not the mother side of humanity called out in a case like this? I might cite hundreds of cases almost as pitiful, though the victim might have been older. I have had one boy of ten and a girl of thirteen who had been picked up drunk in the street, but in either case there was not the revolting circumstances connected with it that were found in this.

There are many departments and fields of labor where home missionary work is evident, but the Police Matron offers one of the best; and the fact that so few listen to the "Master's Call" to this special need is to be deplored.

The little bow of white ribbon has a tremendous power for good. I find it an antidote for the ravings

of some one who has imbibed too freely of the kind that kindles wrath.

An old offender once said to me: "Put that bow of white ribbon on me, Matron, and maybe I'll be good. I'll try, anyhow." I said: "Kate, if you will take the pledge and not drink any more for six months, I will ask the Judge to defer your sentence, and we will help you to be good first." She signed the pledge. I put a tiny blue ribbon bow on her faded shawl. The Judge suspended her sentence. I wish I could tell of her reformation, but I cannot. In a few days she was brought in again for drunkenness, and sentenced "to the State Workhouse and House of Correction as a common drunkard". Her term was for six months, from which she never returned; in less than two months she died with pneumonia,—passed on to a higher tribunal!



CHAPTER VIII.

MARY JENKS' HOME.

Thus saith the law, by legislation made:
For so much gold we license thee to trade
In human woe.

Thou mayest lure the husband from the wife;
Thou mayest fill the peaceful home with strife,
And make a hell for helpless childhood life.
The law saith so.

For so much gold we license thee to sell
Chains for the free, and sickness for the well.
Thou may go
Into the fairest street, and lay a snare
For virtue, or break woman's heart with care,
Or teach the vilest, vilest deeds to dare.
The law saith so.

For so much gold we license thee to break
The laws of God; and from His fold to take,
Ere they yet know.
The depth of thy deep infamy and crime,
The lambs who in His loving eye outshine
The brightest jewels in earth's richest mine.
The law saith so.

For so much gold we license thee to wage
War upon man,—make home a hell—
 Change peace to rage
 And joy to woe.
To loose the latent demon in the soul,
And wed it to the demon in the bowl;
That madness may be born and take control.
 The law saith so.

For so much gold we license thee to fire
The fiercest passions known to human ire;
 And then to blow.
With breath drawn from the deepest hell,
The flames of hate and lust until the knell,
Of countless souls forever lost shall swell.
 The law saith so.

For so much gold we license thee,—O God,
Who are the we? Am I, by deed or word,
 A party to
Such crime as this? Who votes the license creed
Is guilty partner in each hellish deed
With him who murders precious souls
For greed. God's Law saith so.

—*The Constitution.*

Police Matron work will do more reforming than
all the bolts and bars in the world.

It is the environments and surroundings that
cause them to repeat their crimes; could they be
removed from their former associations and tempta-
tions that so easily beset them, given employment,

as I have once endeavored to do, but for want of sufficient means, and the stress of public sentiment. After founding a "Home for Unfortunate Women", received much aid from a few philanthropic people, some from Woonsocket, Attleboro, and more from Central Falls than from our own city, according to population. The home was maintained nearly one year, was called the "Mary Jenks Home", but died in embryo. Out of the thirty-one women who found shelter and refuge from the struggles of life in the battle against vice and intemperance—"twin evils"—five are today living monuments of our efforts to rescue the fallen.

Intemperance is not confined to the lower paths of life. But we find it in marble halls, and at festive boards. Women of wealth, influence and power are among the leaders of society in drinking custom. By their social position, their wide spreading influence and phase of respectability, they are helping to destroy the nation.

If the "hand that rocks the cradle rules the world", what must be said of the hand that fills the glass save that it ruins the world.

There is a work for all who will be guided out of themselves into the Master's vineyard. Our work is not on the hill tops. Ah, no! It is not in "Green

Pastures", nor beside still waters; but in the valley of humiliation, in the darkest soil. The Divine Master knows every seed that is sown, and every tear drop that bedews it.

I may never reap what I have sown, but others may. Moses was not allowed to lead his band into the promised land, but Joshua did.

We will be faithful to the work, knowing that today, even in this twentieth century, the announcement—"The Master hath come and calleth for thee"—is for us, just as much as it ever was for Mary of Bethany.

CHAPTER IX.

A GLIMPSE OF SUNSHINE.

How can men pray "Hallowed be thy name" and vote for the continuance of the unhallowed liquor traffic, or "thy will be done" and vote to undo God's will, "lead us not into temptation" and vote to put temptation in the way of fellow beings, or "give us our daily bread" and vote the bread out of the mouths of innocent wives, mothers and children?

Are we improving our opportunities? Are we white ribboners doing all we can to lessen the evils of the drink traffic?

Opportunities for work are on every hand, if we respond to the Master's call not one will be neglected. We have every incentive to help others, and in doing so we not only benefit them, but bring blessings upon ourselves.

It is time for Christian men and women to arouse themselves from this state of indifference into which many have fallen.

The liquor traffic is increasing, and so are its victims.

Our State institutions are filled to overflowing, and there are few homes in our State and Nation that are not suffering from the blighting influence of this monster.

Were I to write all the dreadful things that occur in my daily routine of duty and personal observation as Police Matron, in consequence of the liquor traffic, during one month, you could not read it in a day scarcely.

Not designing to make all of this little book a cloud of sorrow and sadness, perhaps my readers would like to know that, every year, ten days are given all of the officers—myself included—for a vacation. To bring into my reminiscences as much sunshine as possible, I will in the following chapter give echoes of a trip to the Catskill Mountains, the birthplace and home of my childhood.

About this time in my Police Matron work, there seemed need of a rest, and my vacation time was spent very pleasantly among the friends and relatives on the mountains. Two ladies from Pawtucket accompanied me, which added much to my pleasure.

August 7th, 1895, we left Providence, by steamer

Massachusetts, for New York. After finding ourselves safely en route, we proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable and restfully situated as possible. Taking each an armchair we seated ourselves to watch the home cities, with all their ties and associations, receding from our view. 'Tis then all the fond attentions, little favors, kind words, loving good-byes and warm hand-shakes loom up in our hearts, and fairly eclipse the trials, vexations and crosses of life. 'Tis then mountains are but mole-hills; the "silver lining" is all we can see of the clouds, and we wish we could be ever riding on the crest of the waves, instead of wallowing through depths, as our journey through life often finds us. As we glide along leaving the city, towns and villages in the distance, leaving the beautiful varied colored fields and forest, sandy beach, or rocky islands, catching here and there the view of some pleasure yacht or a monstrous vessel with its sails unfurled riding proudly and defiantly on the breast of old Narragansett, we seem to feel almost a reverence for this monarch of the deep and the inventive power of man. Turning our eyes westward, a voice far beyond the deep seems to say: Behold, this golden and crimson sunset! Man cannot invent, art cannot portray the magnificent spell-

bound grandeur and beauty of this scene. It is fairly entrancing; then to watch the changing from the varied tints and delicate shade; here is one cloud that looks as if it had just received a shower of wine. Another seems gilded with gold-leaf; another comes timidly along, blushing like a rose and nestling beside a fleecy feathery pile, as if for protection. Now we watch them exchange glances (?), roam along together in a hand and hand companionship, as our imagination paints it, and for a few minutes they float along in aerial space. But suddenly they seem to part ways; one soars above high in the heavens, another dissolves itself into a misty shadow and is gone forever.

Twilight closes in around us; Nature hangs out her lower lights, and stars are hovering over us as we repair to our state rooms for rest. Early dawn finds us on deck again, eager to take in the sights as we are just entering the harbor at New York, from which, like a great panorama, passes before us a view of Brooklyn, Jersey City, Staten Island, with their crowds of shipping, Governor's Island and the Statue of Liberty, type of noble womanhood, at a distance of one and a half miles. Its 305 feet preserves its due proportions. We must not lose sight of Brooklyn Bridge, fully one hundred feet above

the highest mast, and as we near it, we almost hold our breath and wonder if the steamer is going under the bridge without having her flag pole broken off. Now we are in the metropolis of America, 7:45 A. M., somewhat late, according to schedule time.

New York is well blessed with historical associations. The Island of Manhattan, on which the city is built, has many old Dutch legends. One is that here was originated the "May Pole". It was at Bowling Green that Dutch lads and lasses first danced around the May pole.

Here stood the equestrian statue of George III., which in 1775 was taken down and run into bullets with which the patriots defended themselves and their native soil.

Here were the residences of Lord Cornwallis, Lord Howe and Sir Henry Clinton. Here lived at one time Benedict Arnold, General Gates and the famous Talleyrand. It was in the very center of fashion, made doubly so by its being the headquarters of George Washington, when he assumed command of the Army of the Revolution.

Not a vestige of these ancient landmarks remain now. Looking up, magnificent granite buildings—twenty and thirty stories high; it seems incredible

that two hundred and sixty years ago a Dutch burgomaster bought the entire island, containing 22,000 acres, for a sum equivalent to 24 dollars.

There are other histories besides those of fashion and war. But as we were now at our landing and booked for the Catskill Mountains, we gathered up our belongings and surged along with the crowd.

If you do not spoil your clothes, you are fortunate. Men smoking, ashes flying from cigars, pipes or cigarettes, into the faces and eyes of ladies and children. Dogs, babies, bird cages and baby carriages, all go first—to “avoid the rush”. But like all things else, there came the end, and we again stood on terra firma.

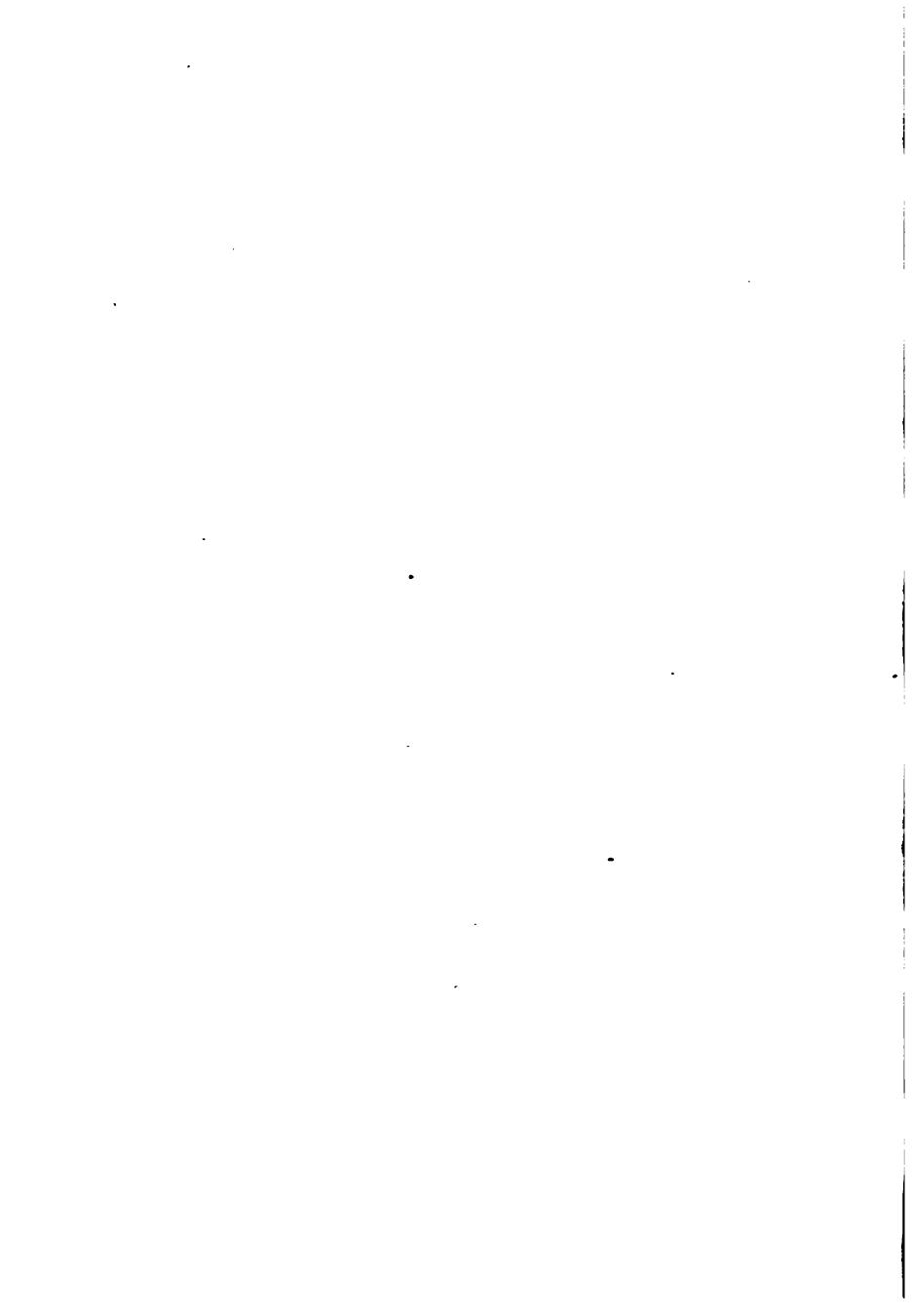
After crossing the city, we soon made ourselves comfortable on board another steamer, and had a delightful sail, one of uninterrupted pleasure in a trip up the Hudson River by daylight.

After getting well out of New York, we regale our visionary fancy with a view of the Pallisades, the Highlands and mountains that seemed to have reached their noses down to be laved and refreshed by the cool waters of the Hudson River. Here is the “Mammoth Rocky” and terrifying “Anthony’s Nose”, “Old Storm King”, “Captain Kidd’s Bowlder”, “Dundervielt”, and old “Greylock”. You can

see the tops of these great rocky mountains when at a distance, but on nearing their base you almost imagine you are going through a tunnel that is sky-lighted above.

One of the striking improvements and astonishing power of man's invention, as well as labor, is the tunneling through solid rock at West Point, a distance of two and a half miles, constructing the West Shore Railroad under the College buildings, through the heart of the village of West Point, N. Y. When going up the river we get a view of the entrance arch of this great tunnel and when coming down the Egress arch is as conspicuous, the latter just two and a half miles from the entrance arch.

Our ten days passed all too soon, so filled with pleasure and recuperation. The bracing mountain air seemed to imbue us with an inspiration for our labors, so with health improved, rested and invigorated, mentally as well as physically, we returned to our duties.





THE MATRON'S ROOM.

CHAPTER X.

ON DUTY AGAIN.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, when a strange appearing party called at the police station and asked if they could remain there over night.

There was a man 30 years of age, his wife three years younger, and two little children, the older two and a half years, and the younger two months.

They had walked from Lawrence, Mass.; they had a baby carriage in which the children were carried, and a large number of bundles neatly tied.

They told a sad story of poverty and privation. John Bell was the man's name. He had come from Lawrence on foot with his family in pursuit of a brother who was supposed to be in Providence. It had been some three or four months since a large mill in which Mr. Bell was employed shut down, he said, and he was thrown out of employment. Then he searched for work in vain, and when the last baby was born, he was compelled to ask the city officials

to assist him, which they did. Later on the authorities were asked for more aid, when they informed him that they would send the wife and babies to the State Alms at Tewksbury, if they desired to go, until the mother recovered strength, but they could not promise that when she came out of the institution she could have her children back again, as there are people who wish to adopt children who go to the State Almshouse and get them.

The mother said she had rather starve and have her little ones than to have the best of care and lose them. Then the rent came due, and there was no money, no food, and the family were in despair. They disposed of the few things they had, and had used the last cent obtained in this way to get fuel and lights and a little meal for gruel until only one small lamp remained in the house. This, the last, they sold for 50 cents. Then as a last resort decided to walk to Providence in search of the brother, William Bell, who worked there when they last heard of him.

He was a laborer, and worked on some public building, they thought, and they started; they had been on the road six days.

The woman's ward in the station contained no prisoners, and the man and his family were taken in

there. The man had the half dollar that was paid for the lamp they sold. He said he had saved it to buy food for his wife and babies, and suggested that some one get something out of it for them to eat—that he was not very hungry. I sent to a restaurant and procured a good supper of beans, cold meat, bread and butter, tea and milk; so that the half dollar was not broken, and then they made arrangements to retire for the night.

One by one the man walked the floor with the little ones until they went to sleep, so the wife would not be made more tired. Then he took the little two-year-old child into bed with him in a cell “that his wife might get a little more sleep”, he explained, apologetically. The woman and small child occupied a bed in the ward, she undqing one of her bundles and taking out plain, but clean night clothing in preparation for going to bed. The next morning they arose early and at 7:30 had made the beds up nicely, and were ready to start on their journey to Providence.

They were asked to wait until some breakfast could be given them, but Mr. B. said he “was not hungry, and thought they could get along until they found their brother”. Just before they went out he took something out of his pocket and gave it to his

wife. It was wrapped in a paper, and as he unfolded it to hand to his wife we saw that it was his share of the bread and butter he had saved from last night's supper for her breakfast. They were told to come back to the Matron, if the brother could not be found, or if they did not succeed in finding employment. As they did not return, it was supposed the brother was found.

An extract from the "Outlook", our W. C. T. U. paper, in alluding to our work, reads thus :

The W. C. T. U. of Rhode Island are justly proud of the success that has thus far attended the Police Matron Law.

Faithful and efficient women are installed in all the places in our State where their presence is required. But, having seen so much accomplished, do our women think there is nothing more for them to do?

Have they any conception of what it means to be confined to one place, day after day, seven days in a week, expected to be ready for any service needed day or night, with very few, if any, opportunities for relaxation?

The circumstances which surround a Police Matron are depressing to a sensitive and sympathetic mind, and no one is really fitted for this position without these two qualities. The class she most frequently comes in contact with calls for patience, sympathy and tender services, which sometimes try human endurance, even though such services are rendered for the sake of Him who did not fail to forgive such as these. In Providence, where the Matron has an assistant, and in Newport, where we are informed the

Matron goes to the station only on call, there cannot be that mental and physical strain as is the case where the Matron is on duty all the time.

We know of no instance where men are employed by the city where there are not hours when they expect to have exclusive rest. Police officers have certain hours when they can be off duty, and if they perform night work, are not expected to do day work, too.

But allowing that for the present the conditions must remain the same, what can the W. C. T. U. do to assist the Matron? Much, in many ways. First, they can call upon her at the station. They need not fear finding her away from her post, unless it be at meal time. Carry a cheerful look, give her a pleasant word about what is going on in the world from which she is out, and bid her a hearty God-speed in her work.

Talk about missionary work! Police Matron work, done by a Christian woman, is the refined essence of missionary work, and does not take the worker out of our own land, not even out of our own cities.

Secondly, see that she is supplied with plenty of second-hand clothing of all kinds, suitable for women, some cotton and linen piecess, old linen table cloths are excellent for the Matron's use, shoes, hats and so forth. Now that housewives are cleaning the closets it is just the time to select what they do not care to keep and send it to her. Small sums of money can be judiciously used and for which she would give an account of the manner it was used in her yearly report. She needs a limited sum, for small necessities, for which the city makes no appropriation.

Lastly, inquire of the Matron concerning the conditions of the homes where some of these women come from. She cannot leave her place to visit them, but you might sup-

pliment her counsel by some practical help that might place an erring woman upon her feet and save a soul.

If ever there was a call for the Evangelistic Department of the W. C. T. U. it is in the homes where such women make a point of living.

The Matron often thinks: "Oh, if only my counsel," for she has opportunity for little else, "could be followed by some practical help, I believe I could lead some of these women into a better manner of living; perhaps I could turn these young girls of fifteen or sixteen years into safer paths. If only our women could see these things as I see them they would be moved to do all they could, I am sure."

This is God's message to us all, dear sisters, "Strengthen ye the weak hands and confirm the weak knees. Say to them that are of a fearful heart: Be strong, fear not; behold, your God will come and save you."

CHAPTER XI.

THE MOTHER'S RESPONSIBILITY.

Then let us buckle on the armor,
Press forward in the fight;
There must be midnight darkness,
Before the morning light.

And when the dawn shall greet us,
With its refreshing rays,
The star of Temperance shall rise,
And fill our hearts with praise.

And though our eyes may never see,
Full brightness of the day,
And God shall take the laborers—
The work will not delay.

And in the years beyond us,
Though we may be at rest,
Our little help will find a place,
Where He shall think it best.

We are all more or less familiar with the idea that the impressions a child receives, when very young, influence the after life more than later influences, and we know that the mother impresses herself upon the child, but do we comprehend the mother's opportunity and responsibility?

God has given to no other being in His universe such power, even the training of an immortal soul,

for good or evil, for life or death. Some one has said that "what a mother is influences her children more than what she says or does". Hence the importance of Christian mothers. The child will seek the mother's confidence, the mother's counsel, from instinct. Keep their confidence by talking with them, not at them. Join them in their pleasure, that you may be sought for in their petty grievances, or more serious troubles.

If a child wants to come into the sitting room with mother, talk to her, ask questions, or litter up the room with his playthings; do not send him out, but lend a little attention.

Do not fret that a child has soiled his clothes or leaves a finger mark on the casing or window pane; teach him the importance of a pure character, good reading, the selection of his books, as the selection of his playmates should be of greater importance to you than a spotless window pane or dress. The child will notice very quickly the shade of grief on the countenance of the mother when he has done wrong; and if you can keep in touch with his mind, ills and ways for the first ten years you have gained your stronghold on that boy's life. And if he does wrong he will feel worse about it than he will if he soils his

garments or leaves a muddy track on the floor. I have been in homes where the little girl would ask her mamma for some "cloth to cut and sew dolly clothes." The mother replied: "I have no time to bother with you, Alice; go off and amuse yourself in some other way." This "I'm too busy," "I can't bother with you," is the first lost opportunity perhaps, and how long will it be 'ere that girl seeks companionship and amusement in the street? This, in some instances, has been stated to me to have been the first step in the downward career of girls who have been arrested as street walkers, as lewd and wanton persons. Dear mothers, more to you than all the riches of the world are the golden opportunities given you to sow the seed of filial affection and confiding love in the hearts of your children. Why, it seems but yesterday that we held our little boy in our arms, and how proud were we of our calling to "motherhood." Then we realized that we had a responsible care, and we little thought that ever we should forget this treasured responsibility. But as the years go by our arms become empty, our opportunity has flown. So dear, busy mothers, don't let them go too far from you, and never think that your time is too

valuable to spend with them, or in devising some healthful amusement at home; better by far spend your strength in straightening out things," after he has had a good play spell with his play-mates in his home than to spend hours in hunting for him in the streets. For the boy that can be found on the street corners at ten can be found in a saloon at twenty. Boys are brought to the station who have been smoking. When I ask them, "Do you smoke at home?" they will tell me, "No, my mother don't know I smoke." It seems strange that a boy can smoke a cigarette or cigar and mother not know it; but when a little fellow told me that his mamma never kissed him, I did not wonder that she knew not that he was an habitual cigarette smoker. That mother failed to hold her darling boy near her—she had been "too busy," or had depended upon the schools. But the teachers cannot take the mother's place. The mother understands the child better than any other one can.

Oh, mother's heart! Know thy power and the inestimable worth of the wondrous gift God has bestowed upon you. "If any lack wisdom, let him ask of God who giveth liberally and upbraideth not."

CHAPTER XII.

"TOUCHED WITH OUR INFIRMITIES."

In the 4th chapter of Hebrews we read that Jesus is "touched with our infirmities."

It is so difficult for persons in one position and circumstance in life to appreciate and sympathize with those who are in different circumstances. The poor cannot believe the rich can have any trouble or care; and they who are nurtured in affluence and luxury do not understand the hardships of those who maintain a perpetual struggle for the bare necessities of life.

It is hard to make a person realize what pain is who never had a sick day in his life, or to make one understand that nerves are terribly real unless they have experienced their presence in themselves.

But the assurance that the Divine Master is "touched with our infirmities," with our trials and sympathizes with us in our burden-bearing, even though we bring upon ourselves the sin that weighs us down as a heavy weight. His sym-

pathy flows through the channel of knowledge. Many of the springs of human sympathy are closed through ignorance or uncharitable hearts, and we are left to our fate, humanely speaking. But Jesus knows. He can sympathize with the poor because He has been poor; with the lonely because He was forsaken, rejected and cast out; with the sick and suffering because He suffered on the cross; with the weary and heavy laden because He has been tired and worn; with the despised and persecuted, because He has been in their position. So in all our trials the loving Saviour can sympathize with us, from the human as well as the divine standpoint. As when the rays of the sun become tinged with the color of the glass through which they pass, so the love of God, passing through the human heart of Christ, takes on human qualities and steeped in sorrow and suffering, through his life, can more readily understand pity and sympathize with us, and this makes it peculiarly acceptable and comforting. Christ is intensely and keenly sensitive to everything that touches human hearts. His tenderness and loving pity is for the most insignificant and lowly, as it is with the most arrogant and mighty; human sorrow is His

sorrow; He still seeks to bind up the broken reed, to lift up the drooping head, and in all ways is touched with the sadness and heart-breaking conditions of life in the human family today.

The widows and orphans of the men who fill drunkards' graves are battling with hardships untold and eking out a miserable existence in squalid homes that human sympathy enters not, save by the love of God, through the human heart of Christ. His is a sympathy not too delicate to use, not merely ornamental, but He "went about doing good;" though we see Him not, as did Mary and Martha, He is just as near and touched with the sorrow of humanity today as then. Human sympathy may make the tear less bitter, but cannot dry it up.

The Divine love knows just what we need; He knows our weakness and supplies strength; He knows our lack of judgment and gives wisdom to those who ask it. It is such a consolation to know as we journey along through life, that, in all our affliction, temporal, spiritual, physical or mental, the dear Saviour has been there. So in the darkest phases of life there is a never ending light of sympathy and love for us.

If we can keep our eye on the light of God's

mercy and remember that He has in all things been tempted, has suffered and endured far more than we ever have, it will be the "balm of Giliad" for the most disconsolate.

In pathless forests when one friend is passing through, he breaks a twig as he goes, that those who come after him may see the traces of his having been there, and may know that he is not alone on the road. Thus when we are journeying on through the gloomy night of affliction, it means much to find, here and there, a broken spray or a leafy stalk bent down by the tread of Christ's foot, or the touch of His hand as He passed, to remind us that we are not alone or that we have not been left comfortless or companionless.

Not long ago in a terrible storm a heavy laden vessel was driven on to a sandy beach and was soon "aground."

Several steam tugs and towboats were drawn into service to rescue the ship, but all to no avail. The ship was so hard fast that it was found impossible to tow her off, and the effort was abandoned. Soon the tide began to rise, and when the ship was well surrounded and the waters began to move her with the dashing of the

waves, she floated off with no material assistance. Thus when the love of God, through the human heart of Christ, fills our heart and mind with a sense of our need of, and dependence on, His mercy, we drift out of ourselves and enter the ways of obedience to Him and trust in His love.

Could our human eyes look over the United States today, what an appalling sight we should see! What an army of prisoners we should behold as they are brought forth from their cells to be arraigned before the police judge!

Here are old men in their decrepit feebleness, middle aged, strong men in their prime and might, old women and young women, even girlhood and young motherhood, represented in this procession of down grade marching. Marching where? On, and on, to the sentence imposed upon them by the court.

It may be "two and costs," which means \$4.60; it may be 38 days or 90 days, six months or a year; it may be from three to five, ten years, or for a lifetime. All depends upon what the crime is. And when we stop to think, this vast army of criminals are directly or indirectly the product of the liquor traffic. We do more than wonder how Christian men and women are so indifferent

in regard to the great problem of saving our nation's pride by dethroning King Alcohol.

The saloons are filling the prisons, jails and penitentiaries, yet how few realize that it is the drink evil that has brought down noble manhood and pure womanhood into the slums of pollution and into the beggarly elements of destruction.

Yet we believe there are many in this army of unfortunate prisoners whose hearts are tender and whose lives are so embittered by remorse that a kind word or deed, a prayer or a promise read to them—the mention of mother or home might awaken them to a sense of the terrible retribution that awaits them as one of this vast army of perishing ones.

Let a Christian ask himself this one question: "Am I aiding in this destruction of souls?" Then let him stop and consider that though he may not be marching on in the rank and file of these rum-cursed souls, he is. We are all marching on to the great tribunal where we shall stand before the bar of God to answer to the charge of allowing this traffic in human lives, and souls to go on, and the question will come to us in tones of terror: "Why standeth thou there idle, allowing thy brother to be slain by the monster drink and put forth no hand to save?"

CHAPTER XIII.

DRUNK IN THE STREET.

Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid,
By some great law, unseen and still,
Unfathomed purpose to fulfill,
Not as I will.

"A lost child!" How that announcement stirs the people to action, fills every heart with sympathy and arouses workers to drop everything else and join in the effort to find and restore the lost treasure, "A lost child!" There is indeed a strange feeling coursing through our nerves, and a chill of horror comes over us as we think of the probabilities in the case. I often have a mother's darling of two, three or five years of age picked up as "lost" and brought in to the station. After a few hours in the care of a

motherly woman, the child is quiet and amuses himself, or herself, with playthings, apparently forgetting his troubles. Sometimes they will drop off to sleep, with a gentle rocking in arms, for a motherly matron adapts herself to every requirement from the tiniest tot to the most stalwart or hardened criminal to whom her attention may be called.

When the mother after some delay finds her child, the meeting is pathetic, she clasps her baby to her bosom, showers kisses and blessing on his head, weeps for very joy that her lost is found, is profuse in thanks to all who have been instrumental in finding and saving her child.

But what of the boy that goes out from the parental shelter but to fall into these cesspools of intemperance and vice—the saloons? These young girls, the mother's ideal of perfection and loveliness! How have they wandered from the mother's love and father's protection and become lost! Lost to the home, lost to society, lost to all that is noble, pure and good. Yes, a "lost child" indeed!

A crowd gathers on the street—a motley crowd; here are young and old, some in seriousness and pity, others in contempt and censure;

others, and perhaps the majority, gather with the crowd out of a morbid sense of curiosity. You ask the reason of this impromptu assembly? "A woman drunk on the street," comes from a dozen lips. Alas, she is some lost child. Maybe a sister, daughter, sweetheart or mother. The crowd disperses only when the patrol wagon "hurry-up" reaches the scene. The word from every passer-by is, "Drunk on the street!" What news to reach the ears of the dear ones who at home are waiting for her return and wondering what has detained her. She may be the wife and mother of a laboring man's household. They are sure something unavoidable has caused a delay. At length night approaches, the anxiety increases, and the husband starts out to see what has detained the woman.

"Drunk in the street," he hears from some one of the pedestrians." Upon inquiry he finds that it is his own wife, the mother of his own children. They have dragged her away to the police station; her bed a hardwood bench or stone floor. Wrecked, forlorn and discouraged, he seeks the wife of his early manhood in a station house. Oh, angels of pity, shield this husband from this harrowing sight! Helpless, senseless, they have

picked her up and carried her to this prison cell—her bed, a hard board, is not so terrible as his pillow in the home with his worse than motherless children.

Would for the sake of her friends she were dead! But, alas! she was “drunk on the street.” The poor, heart-broken father must go back to his little ones. What shall he say to the frequent calls for mamma, and how can he answer the oft repeated question, “Where’s my mamma?” Let us step to the iron bars of her prison cell and see her, a living “trademark” of—the saloon? Not always so, the druggist does not keep all of his work under cover. But we must look upon her as she lies sleeping a sleep of delirious tossing and moaning. Her form is of matchless mould, her hair dishevelled, she is pale and cold; her hands are tightly clinched in the folds of her garments. The air is almost unendurable with the foul taints of the drink that has done this work. While we stand in silent awe, gazing on this sad scene, a dash of sunshine comes stealing in through a crevice in the door; even that brings no consolation. But our voices arouse the sleeper to life again. She starts, like one in a dream. Half dazed she attempts to rise; but the anguish,

the deploring look she gives us as she realizes her situation, her chagrin and remorse as the whole story begins to dawn on her bewildered brain, and crowds in upon her thoughts like an avalanche of horrors!

How sad the sight of one awakening into such a reality!

But soon another sound grates on the ear of her sensibilities. The great massive bolt flies back, the lock turns in its socket, she is told to rise; now she must go before the judge to listen to the charge. "This complaint charges you with being found 'drunk on the street.'" Trembling like an aspen leaf she stifles her sobs and in accents almost too faint to be heard she answers to the question, "What have you to say, guilty or not guilty?" "Guilty."

Her friends are waiting; they know it all; they must pay the price of her "woe" in the fine the law imposes.

But the demands of the law "saith so." Yet in love and sympathy they have come, and with speechless lips and unshed tears they claim their own.

The lost is found! We cannot leave her here, but following her as she goes weak and trembling,

bowed with shame, to her own home, her brain still clouded and breath yet tainted, turning her tottering steps towards her home and the dear ones she left but yesterday. How different now! Is there any justice in the law? Is there any Christianity in practice, or honesty of principle in the heart of our Nation?

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LIQUOR DEALER'S SOLILOQUY.

Some day all doubt and mystery
Will be made clear;
The threatening clouds which now we see,
Will disappear.

Some day our weary feet will rest
In sweet content,
And we will know how we were blest
By what was sent.

Having taken the reader into the drunkard's home, and from there to the prison cell, where we beheld the human wreck, the work of the rum-seller, it seems befitting that we should step into the proprietor's private office just after "closing up" time, 11 P. M.

Here we find him counting his gains and dreamily soliloquizing thus: "Well, this has been a pretty fair day; trade good; some of the old-timers are dropping off, but there are plenty

of others coming on to take their places. Some of the temperance croakers say I am hard hearted and that I am robbing the wives and children of their daily bread, but mine is a legitimate business. I pay license, I conform to all the rules and obey to the letter every command of the law, so I will not stop to think about these things. I never compel any one to spend his money here."

There he sits and stifles his conscience, shutting his eyes against real facts, that are too plain to be doubted, and they loom up before him like a mountain of fire. He cannot down them, and to himself must say, "Yes, it is true; I am gathering them in from the lowest walks of life, to the highest in the state, from the church, the schools, the merchants, mechanics, manufacturers, homes of high and low degree—all are drifting into my power; my fame increases, my coffers are well filled, my real estate is solid, my wife wears her diamonds and rare jewels, my children are brought up in luxury—I am a power in politics, my influence carries my ward. The votes I control are the power behind the senate. The pastor's salary is paid with part of these gains. My crimes are condoned with a glance, though I do send a few to a drunkard's grave—a drunkard's

hell—it does not count; the law permits. Though I gather into my meshes the women, girls and boys as well as the men, who can gainsay? I am not a transgressor according to the laws of state or nation. I can as proudly unfurl the Stars and Stripes over my buildings and business as can the city officials at the Capitol of our state. For thence cometh my power and legal rights. What though my poison courses through the veins of all the men and boys, women and girls in the state, back of this stands the—‘thus saith the law.’ It is not a far-fetched fact that I have a right to blight noble manhood, pollute and destroy pure womanhood; yes, I have a right to break up homes, beggar the inmates, and gather them all into a drunkard’s hell. I do not miss an opportunity at the festive board or at the wedding feast. I can enter the chamber of death or the bedside of the first born. My right cannot be disputed. Your statutes, your law and your votes are my defence. Congress stands at my right hand; trade and competition are part of my bounds, yes, and the doctor who prescribes alcohol in any form to his patients is my sustainer and aid in my deal. And what better sign that I am in a prosperous, legitimate business than to

note the heavy consignment of whiskey along with the Christian missionaries to the heathen? 'Three hundred Bibles to sell' and 'eight thousand barrels of whiskey' to our 'new possessions.' Why should I wince or feel a pang of remorse when Christian voters are taking my part? Suppose the wail of a million helpless women and children and their cries of hunger do come up against this traffic, the law protects me against even that. What if children are begging bread, and what if women are praying day and night, what has that to do with my affairs? I rule as with this sceptre of the law a king should rule his domain. Though my victims are legions and they come from palace or hovel, from a church or a penitentiary—what though the realms of darkness, the regions of woe claim them all, I break not this 'License Law,' as my records will show."

This is not an overdrawn picture, but should awaken in every Christian heart a spirit of work that should banish from this nation this upas tree of ruin. The open door of this infamous death trap is placed on every highway, every corner, street and alley! We are guilty of aiding, if we are not opposing this work. Were guide post of love and signs of warning placed in the same

conspicuous places as the sign "Jones' Ale," "Bock Beer" and "Old Rye" are, we should show ourselves as witnesses for the home against the saloon. A thousand paths lead to ruin and they are emblazoned in gold letters and bright colors that "he who runs may read." But where are the danger signals? What guide post have we Christian sojourners placed to direct the wayward wandering feet upward? We come out of our churches after service on Sunday, close and lock the doors for a week, or until another meeting. The person who has no home but an attic room, and that cold, often finds himself standing on the corner of a street with a desire to go somewhere—anywhere for a change. Finally, the wind coldly pressing and perhaps adding to his loneliness, drives him on. He passes one of these gilded palaces, the sound of music attracts his attention, he aimlessly enters the open door of his ruin—and another boy is lost. The wail of a widowed mother, perhaps, is ringing in his ears day after day, but he will not, or cannot, resist, until he pays the penalty with his life.

Bishop Brooks prayed, "God grant us something of the privilege of Christ, which was to live a manly life for God's sake, and also to live a

godly life for man's sake ;" for it was thus that he was a mediator between God and man.

Life is one thing in theory, but life itself is quite a different thing, and today as never before the world is watching the church and its influence. The temperance problem seems no more to be the care and vital interest of our churches. Our church members do not relish such sermons as J. J. Woolley, Hugh Montgomery and many other total abstainers preach.

If instead of going back to the chronological history of the antediluvians, they would take up the statistics of our own government along the line of temperance reform, it would open the eyes of some who seem to be in darkness. Were the people made to realize that the total government receipts from the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in 1899 were about one hundred and sixty-three million dollars, methinks many would hold up their hands in amazement.

The nation's annual drink bill is, upon good authority, stated to be more than \$900,000,000, making the net cost of the liquor traffic to the nation \$733,000,000.

It is estimated by careful consideration of statistics that the cost to the government from

loss by labor, illness, poverty and crime occasioned by drink is \$450,000,000, making the total net cost annually to the government of the liquor traffic \$1,183,000,000.

During the year 1899 our exportation of liquor to Cuba amounted to \$629,225.

If this were all it cost the nation it would be appalling enough, but this is slight compared with the ruin it brings. Massacres, bloodshed and revolting reports are following up this rum traffic. Yes, suicides, murders and every crime at our very doors, consequent upon this drink habit.

There has never been a more difficult problem to solve than this. What can we do to prevent this deplorable state of affairs, to remove this leper spot from our nation?

The sale of malt liquors in the Philippines imported from the United States in 1898 amounted to \$337,000. No distilled liquors were then imported; but in 1899 both malt and distilled liquors were sold to the amount of \$792,653—and all this under the protection of the American Flag!

CHAPTER XV.

ECHOES FROM THE TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL CON- VENTION OF THE W. C. T. U.

Another year and we arrive at a recreation period, and having been offered a delegate's appointment to the twenty-seventh annual convention of the National W. C. T. U. held in Washington, D. C., I feel that it would be selfish in me not to bring into this little book some echoes of that great convention, and to give my readers the few pearls of information and encouraging heart greetings with "hands across the sea." For three thousand white ribboners assembled in that convention, and almost if not quite, every country was represented. We arrived at the St. Louis Hotel at 6 P. M. after a pleasant trip from Rhode Island. Our first care was to make ourselves comfortable and to get a good night's rest, which seemed necessary to prepare us for the coming busy week. On the morrow a beautiful Sabbath day dawned, and all gladly improved it in attending different churches as our minds directed. At

10:30 some of us visited the Metropolitan M. E. Church, the chosen sanctuary of President McKinley. Rev. Dr. Bissell, a former student of our late Frances Willard, preached a sermon. Subject, "Sewing Beside All Waters." It was a most encouraging, helpful, soul inspiring sermon, which seemed to enthuse every white ribboner with new zeal and clothe us with new armor. At 12 services closed. President McKinley, escorted by his valet, left the church, and on passing out and down the broad stone steps gracefully bowed and smiled a welcome to the hundreds of people who stood in line and in perfect order on each side of the steps to the street. Across the street and up and down for blocks people were standing, and men lifted their hats as he passed. The President carried his hat in hand until he entered his carriage. Not a move or sound disturbed the silence and decorum, but perfect order was the rule.

The afternoon session opened at the convention quarters, Lafayette Opera House, and the annual sermon was delivered by Mrs. J. K. Barney of Rhode Island, our round-the-world missionary. Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, the National President, presided. Miss Greenwood conducted the devo-

tional exercises. Mrs. Barney's subject was "The Watchword for Our Battle." Among the many good and important things she said was this:

"A great Jericho confronts us today. The combined liquor interests frame laws, they decide the social standing of the community, and sometimes can control the pews in our churches. They stay the arm of the Executives of our country. It is the all controlling vice today. But against this vice stands God. It is not an easy task to down it. He did not say I will give you victory, but I will give you eternal reward. It never meant as much to be a good Christian as today. Those of us who bear the name of Christ let us follow Him faithfully. While we work let us have faith and obedience, for the place on which we stand is holy. The stand we have taken brings us criticism. It always has, but Christ loves us the better for it. The eyes of the world as never before are turned toward America."

The sermon was full of vital interest and we were deeply impressed with the fact that the liquor traffic is today the "Jericho" of this nation.

In the evening Mrs. Jane Kinny, the National Superintendent of Penal and Reformatory Work,

held a meeting in the Dumbarton M. E. Church at Georgetown, a suburban villa of Washington, Mrs. Kinny presiding, myself giving the address and Mrs. Barney closing with hymn and prayer.

On Monday at 9:45 A. M. the twenty-seventh annual convention was called to order by the President, Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens. The white ribboners and visitors filled this large house to overflowing, but on account of the great crowd there was some confusion in seating the delegations. The Opera House was elaborately decorated with bunting, flags, banners and patriotic devices, presenting a decidedly handsome appearance.

The scenic display at the rear of the platform was a large beautiful garden, and the slight vibrations of air from the wings upon the moving canvas gave the trees, flowers, fountain and green sward the appearance of real nature. One could scarce believe it to be art, not natural growth. Directly under the proscenium arch hung suspended our motto:

"For God and Home and Native Land."

Standards appropriately lettered marked the position of the states' delegations. American flags floated everywhere in the house, but formed

especially graceful drapings on either side of the stage.

Seated on the platform were the National officers, including many organizers and superintendents. When the roll was called it was decided that this was the largest delegation we had ever had, and ere the close of the first day it was decidedly pronounced to be the greatest National Convention ever yet held.

It was here at the capitol city that the first National Convention of the W. C. T. U. was organized by our beloved Frances E. Willard twenty-seven years ago. It was her expressed wish that the National Convention be held near the close of this century in Washington, where it first convened—its birthplace..

In 1881 they met again in Washington, holding their Convention in the Foundary M. E. Church. That year only fourteen responded to the roll call of the executive committee meeting, and there were then dues and reports from twenty-eight states and the District of Columbia. Now we get dues and reports from forty-five states, the territories and District of Columbia, with ten times the amount of money, which in 1881 was \$2,557, and our membership is eight times as large.

In the course of the President's remarks she said: "The happiest place I know of is the Harvest Home of our Mother National!" It was with these words that Frances Willard opened her annual address at the Buffalo Convention in 1897, adding: "Every face smiles on every other, and all voices are kind, while each one's glance is upward as if the hills of hope were sighted fair and beautiful on the horizon's rim." As we assemble here this morning these words come to us as a precious memory as an inspiring prophecy, and as Mrs. Stevens often referred to "our beloved Frances" it did seem as if we caught golden gleams of the invisible world, and she did not seem so far away.

Mrs. Stevens in her address mentioned the gains we had made since that first Convention. She said there were then but 26 departments of work; now there are 36, all built upon the fundamental principles of purity, total abstinence and prohibition. She said when we were here convened before there were no compulsory temperance educational laws, but now they exist in every state save Georgia and Utah; also in the territories and District of Columbia. In Boston at the World's Convention in 1891 delegates from

twenty-six countries were present; in 1901 fifty-seven countries were represented. Mrs. Stevens was very interesting. She spoke at length upon conditions existing in the Philippines. She stated that we have good authority for the statement that there are at this date two hundred army canteens in the Philippines where liquor is sold and about 400 American saloons, the principal support of which comes from the American soldier.

Among the recommendations offered by the President in her address were that we should protest against the appointment of school superintendents and teachers who use alcoholics; and that we should be more active in suppressing impure literature. We should be watchful, too, that good laws should not be mutilated or repealed, and offered a plea to all white ribbon women to always wear the white ribbon; the pure, simple badge speaking modestly but seriously to the world, proclaiming in a silent but potent manner that the wearer stands for the protection and purity of the home and for the overthrow of the home's greatest enemy; the white ribbon speaks of mother, home and heaven to many a wandering boy or girl, and calls them

to ways of safety, peace and pleasantness. Mrs. Stevens urged us to wear it always.

Since 1881 eight round-the-world missionaries have gone out to carry the gospel of temperance to all people in all lands. The address was full of inspiration and could not fail to encourage the most faint-hearted co-worker in our ranks.

At this point a message was received from Lady Henry Somerset, which read as follows: "My heart is with you in sympathy and love. May God bless you and our great cause."

On motion of Miss Anna Gordon it was voted to send Lady Henry Somerset a reply expressive of the appreciation of the National Convention of the W. C. T. U.

CHAPTER XVI.

MORE ECHOES.

Monday evening was known as welcome night. The Convention opened with devotional exercises, conducted by Mrs. Louise Rounds of Illinois, after which Commissioner McFarland delivered his address of welcome. He said: "In the name of the District of Columbia, the Nation's Capital, I bid you welcome. This is your home, as it is the home of every patriotic American; and you have a peculiar interest here, because it was here that your great organization was incorporated, so I welcome you home. And even that has already been done by the eloquent hospitality of our hundreds of citizens who represent your organization here. Yet it is right that as President of the Board of Commissioners of the District of Columbia, I should offer the freedom of the city to this society which represents all the states and territories, the District of Columbia and Hawaii,

and which is the largest organization of women in the world." He spoke of the magnitude of the work and closed by saying: "We all recognize you as a great army of noble women who are working zealously and self-denyingly for God and home and every land."

Mr. John Joy Edson, on behalf of the Washington Board of Trade, also made a welcoming speech, which was much appreciated. He referred to the incorporation of the W. C. T. U. here, and said all Washington was glad to welcome back to the Nation's Capital this grand organization of good women, and in behalf of the Board of Trade and the business men of the city he extended the privileges of Washington to the officers, delegates and all white ribbon women.

Addresses of a similar character were delivered by others, among whom were Walter H. Brooks, who spoke for the colored people, and Rev. F. D. Powers, who spoke for the churches. Mrs. Clinton Smith, who is President of the District W. C. T. U., assured us that Washington was holding open house for the twenty-seventh National Convention. A trained chorus of one hundred voices, under the leadership of Miss Etta Austin, sang, after which Mrs. Bidwell of California gave

a response to the welcome. She was followed by several others, all excellent speakers, and each voicing the sentiments of the Convention in thanking the people of Washington for the royal and cordial welcome received.

The next announcement on the program was a large procession of L. T. L.'s, composed of young people—girls and boys in picturesque costume, who marched about the stage bearing placards inscribed with the name of the different states of the Union, and singing "Some Glad Day." This feature was conducted by Mrs. Marie L. Gorman and Mrs. Daniel P. Blaine. It evoked great enthusiasm. Mrs. Katherine Lente Stevens of Massachusetts then gave a short address, and Mrs. Alice J. Harris of Boston sang "If I Were a Voice." Miss Belle Kearney of Mississippi, the daughter of a slave holder, detailed in interesting style her observations on trips made throughout the South in the cause of temperance. She referred to the dispensary system, declaring that, as a measure to aid the prohibition movement it was a failure. Her remarks were along the legislative line and the up-hill work of organizers. The speaker following her was Madame Barrakat, a Syrian woman. She was a power. She said all

the world are looking at the American people for the Christ life, the better religion. The Old World was today as never before, hungering after the knowledge and betterment of conditions. But America sends missionaries to Europe, China, Japan, Syria and Africa and to all lands of darkness, but sends also that which destroys body and soul. She begged of American people for the sake of the thousands of mothers, of the homes and heart aches in the heathen lands to send no more missionaries, if, for every missionary sent there must a cargo of rum go, too. She was full of earnest appeals for her people.

Miss Ada Murkett was the next speaker, whose remarks dealt with the deplorable facts relating to the liquor traffic in the Philippines, stating that recently the largest consignment of liquor ever shipped from this country was sent to the Philippines.

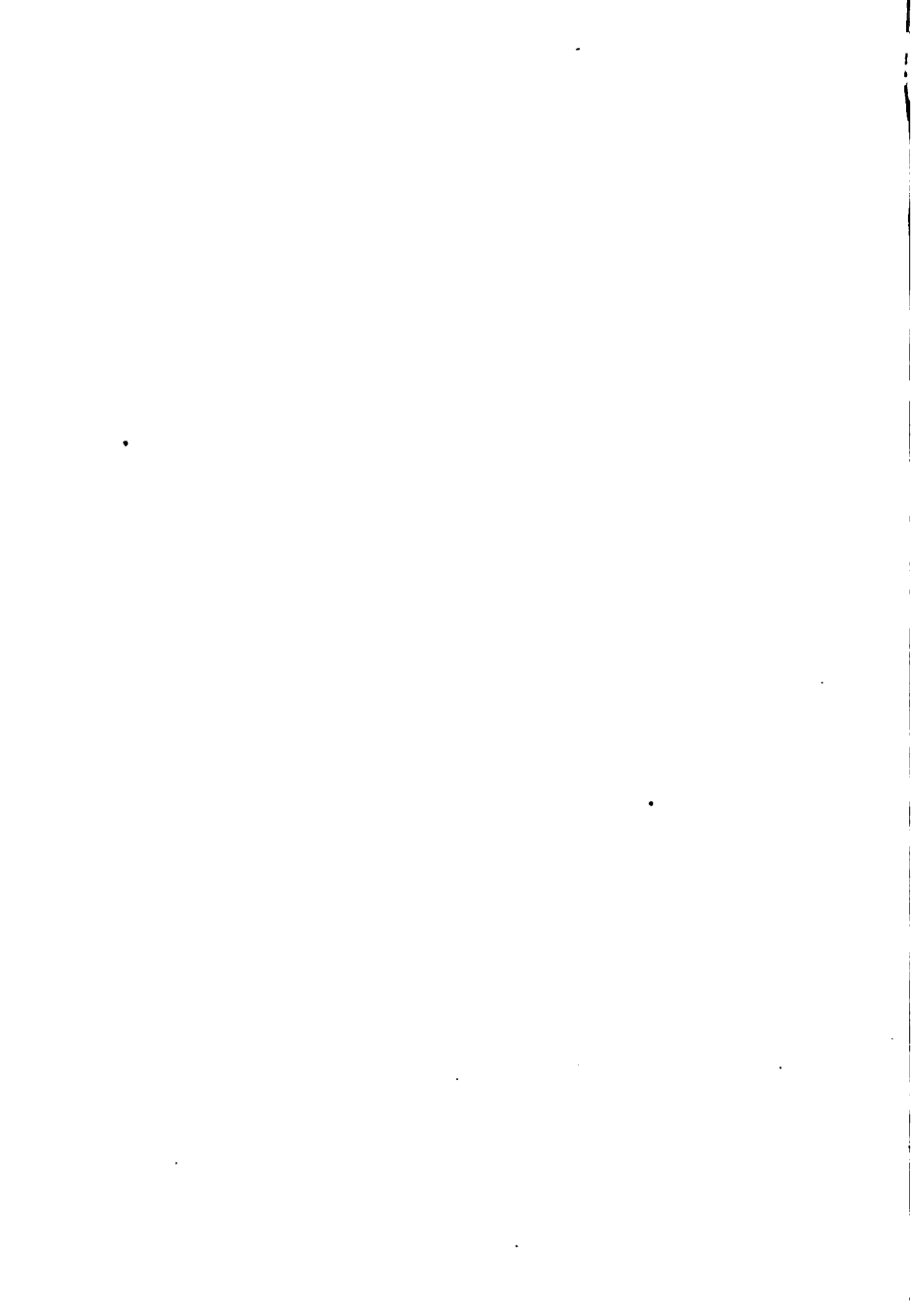
There were three sessions each day, and we were glad to adjourn at 10:30 P. M., all deeply interested, but "so tired."

I cannot follow the Convention through its entire session, but every day was filled with interest. At the close of Tuesday evening's session, Miss Jessie Ackerman was introduced with her colaborer,

Miss Ada Murcott, who started the following morning from Washington for a trip around the world. Miss Ackerman goes for the fourth time. This trip was in the interest of a magazine syndicate.

Miss Murcott goes as a Temperance Lecturer. Her home is in Australia. They left via the Pennsylvania Railroad at 10:30 Wednesday morning, many of the white ribboners going to the train to bid them adieu and God-speed.

The total number of delegates Tuesday was 629, one hundred more than at any other Convention. It was here agreed to send the greetings of the Convention to Mrs. Mary N. Livermore, of Massachusetts.



CHAPTER XVII.

DEMONSTRATION NIGHT.

Opportunities will meet you, kindly things to do and say,
Take them promptly, use them wisely, for they quickly pass
away.

Do not lose them, idly wishing you had greater work to do,
Take the work the Master chooses; go where He has need
of you.

Not having finished the echoes of the National W. C. T. U., I will give an account in this chapter of another session, called "Demonstration night." All lines of work were beautifully represented; for instance, work among miners by the young men or rather boys (for the Loyal Temperance Legion boys and girls were called in this demonstration), dressed in the garb of a miner with the lamp in the cap front, a pick in hand and overalls. Every trade and occupation were well represented, even to the "Red Cross Nurses"—the army, the navy, foreigners, mechanics, evangelists, farmers, press, and rescue work, all attired in dress

fitting their calling or employment, showing also by the implement carried the labor trade or vocation they followed. This was truly a demonstration night.

The army canteen came up next for discussion, and proved to be a spirited topic. Mrs. E. L. Thatcher, of New York, was called to the platform. Mrs. Thatcher has long been identified with work among sailors and soldiers. Some delegate asked her: "When can the canteen be abolished?"

"Just as soon as Congress says so," she replied.

In the afternoon we were visited by a delegation of clergymen. Many of the reverend gentlemen made brief addresses, lauding the work of the white ribboners. Then some other distinguished guests were introduced, one of whom was Prof. A. T. True, President of the Department of Agriculture. He gave a cordial greeting and told of the work of agriculture as it effects the home. In the evening of Thursday the Y.'s had charge of the program which was very interesting. Miss Clara M. Parish presided in place of Mrs. Frances Barnes, of New York, who was unable to be present. Music was rendered by the Y. chorus.

Three young ladies, clad in the Eastern costume, were presented by Miss Clara Parish. The Y. ban-

ner for the largest increase in membership, was awarded to the State of Maine.

Last, but not least, the "Army Canteen" came up, and the closing day, Friday, was one of rejoicing; having presented petitions to the President of the United States, the Senate and Congressional departments, and in great earnestness had the subject been handled by the speakers, until we had at last gained the victory and the "Canteen" was ruled out.

The last evening was a sort of review of our work. The Parlor Meeting work was presented by Mrs. M. A. Babcock, State President of Rhode Island.

Work in Australia was represented by Mrs. Barber. Miss Watts, of Brazil, spoke of the Temperance work in her country. She said Brazilians all drink moderately just as we use tea and coffee.

Mrs. Emma Tyng spoke of France and its wine drinking customs. Mrs. Alice Gulick spoke for Spain. Mrs. Mary Grant Cramer, of New Jersey, a sister of General Grant, made a few remarks, speaking feelingly of her brother, Ulysses S. Grant.

Bishop Hartwell, of Africa, made a strong plea for a concentration of the work of the Union in behalf of the people of Africa.

A telegram was received at this time from Mayor S. S. Swarts, of Columbus, Ohio, and from the Board of Trade of that city, inviting the next National Convention of the W. C. T. U. to that city, offering them the largest and best auditorium, as well as all the privileges and courtesies of the city of Columbus. This being left in the hands of a committee it was moved to adjourn.

All sang Mary Livermore's hymn, "God be with you till we meet again." The benediction was pronounced by Rev. Anna Shaw. This closed the 27th annual National Convention of the W. C. T. U.

Our first round the world missionary was Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt. She took up the work of organizing and systemizing temperance and missionary work combined. Her's was but a beginning of that labor that in the hands of her followers has proved a wonderful work.

Someone asked Mrs. Leavitt once if she thought it needful to send temperance workers into all lands. She replied: "Yes, there is an urgent need everywhere, and it is futile to send any but very able workers. It would be far better to send none than to send one who was not in sympathy with Christian missions and missionaries. Traders from the western nations to Africa having generally despotic

power in their little realm, decoy their employes into drinking or force it upon them until they become victims of passion, ready to commit any revolting outrage against humanity or its laws." Others are asking, "Cannot the missionaries do all the Temperance work needed in the countries where they are stationed?" She answered, "No, they have more than they can do."

Following Mrs. Leavitt, who was absent from this country on her 'round the world missionary tour nearly eight years, were Mrs. Kate Bushnell and Mrs. Wheeler Andrews. They received a cordial welcome, as they went to complete the work begun by Mrs. Leavitt. They were absent three years. The modern facilities for traveling make it less of a task for people to tour the world.

Having given my readers a pen picture of the Convention of the National W. C. T. U., we must return to duty in the role of Police Matron. On entering the station on the eve of my return, I found three young boys,—they had been fined for truancy, larceny and other misdemeanors. They were waiting for parents to pay their fine in two cases, the other one to be committed to the Reform School on the morrow.

What a lesson! How forcibly this fact im-

pressed me! Who is responsible for this state of things in our Christian community?

The most terrible phase of the liquor traffic is the way it bounds the possibilities and handicaps the children of drunken parents; their intellect is dwarfed; they are crippled in the race for life, stunted in babyhood and childhood, and in youth, they are robbed of the advantages that in reality belong to them. Their manhood and womanhood can never be rounded out as effectually as if the advantages and the environments had been more propitious.

But whatever place in life we may occupy we should make the best of it. Seldom we find a person perfectly satisfied with his life surroundings, and it is right that he should not be. For every person should try to better his own conditions and aid those around him to reach a higher standard of improvement. Let it be in secular, religious or educational progress, we have the right, aye, it is our duty, to aim high and work to reach the goal.

A person who has nothing more to attain and has no need for improvement, sees no "thought, word or deed" that he is not satisfied with,—is an object of pity. How often we go into a family and if keen of observation can at once discern an un-

easiness, a disquietude or some discord in that household! It is because in that family circle there is some life that is not what it should be; nor what they would like it to be. Perhaps some member of that household has a fretful disposition, a hasty temper, or a particularly sensitive nature. That person needs our sympathy, our love and our best efforts to change his circumstances, help him to carry his cross. It is a waste of time to fret over things we cannot avoid. It may not be possible to change our circumstances in life just when or just as we would like to, but we can adapt ourselves to our circumstances, making the best of them, if we cannot change them.

It has been said a life of discontent will cripple the soul. But we think a life of inertia will destroy a soul. It is much better to be an active worker than a passive waiter. In battle for the dethroning of the liquor power, I am of the same opinion as our gifted co-worker, Henry A. Delano, who said in reply to a comrade's advice—"wait till the iron is hot, then strike." "No," said Delano, "I'll strike and make it hot."

"If we could have rain we would whip the Austrians," said a soldier to Napoleon. "Then we'll have the rain," said the great warrior, and he or-

dered heavy cannonading for six hours. We are told that rain followed; and the muddy road delayed the Austrians, causing their defeat. So if the iron of public sentiment against this evil is not hot, we must pound away until it is. We must do the cannonading. Let our voices, our pens and our influence and teaching be heard and felt, until we shall rout this death-dealing blight upon our nation.

There has been one great discovery in this much lauded 19th century, and it is that woman has discovered herself. We have come to the knowledge that every statute book in every land that contains law and penalty for crimes, was placed there by men. Now we have come to the front to know, who has so great a stake in the National Government as the motherhood of this nation? Why were these laws made and placed there by men, and men only? There is no reason, no justice, in all this, and there never can be,—good men know it right well, and some are honest enough in their convictions to say that women should have equal franchise. They should share in the making of laws for the protection of the home and the motherhood of the nation. Women should stand equally equipped in political knowledge, as in spiritual centers; they reach out and down to the depths of human wretchedness;

they pluck many a brand from the burning, that might otherwise be lost! Human brotherhood in theory and human brotherhood in action are very different things.

The Church of Christ, the first to recognize and nurture woman's power of influence, is today the most difficult to reach when appealed to for assistance in Temperance work. Who has yet heard of a church or a denomination founding a home for unfortunate women?

CHAPTER XVIII.

POLICE MATRON'S ANNUAL REPORT.

The Police Matron gives a written report of her work once a year to the Chief of Police which with other reports are published in pamphlet form as "Police Annual Report to the City of Pawtucket."

The Matron's report for the year ending Nov. 30, 1894, reads thus:

This year's work is but a repetition of the preceding years. I have in all my labors received due consideration, hearty co-operation and assistance from the superior officers, as well as the courtesy and deference of the other members of the Department.

In fact too much emphasis cannot be used in speaking of the kind and gentlemanly manner of all officers toward the Matron.

The ladies of the city have generously responded to calls for second-hand garments; therefore I have been enabled in every case to supply deficiencies, and send the unfortunate out respectably and comfortably clad.

One benevolent lady gave me \$5 and another gave me \$1 to be used as my judgment advised. Out of that money I have paid \$1.80 in car fares, or endeavoring to get people who were strangers in the city to their friends elsewhere. I have bought rubbers, hat pins, handkerchiefs, cough medicine, eye-lotion, milk, cookies, crackers, hair pins, and one comb, and still have a balance on hand of over \$2. Of the 209 women and girls that have been committed to my care during the year ending Nov. 30, 1894, there have been committed to

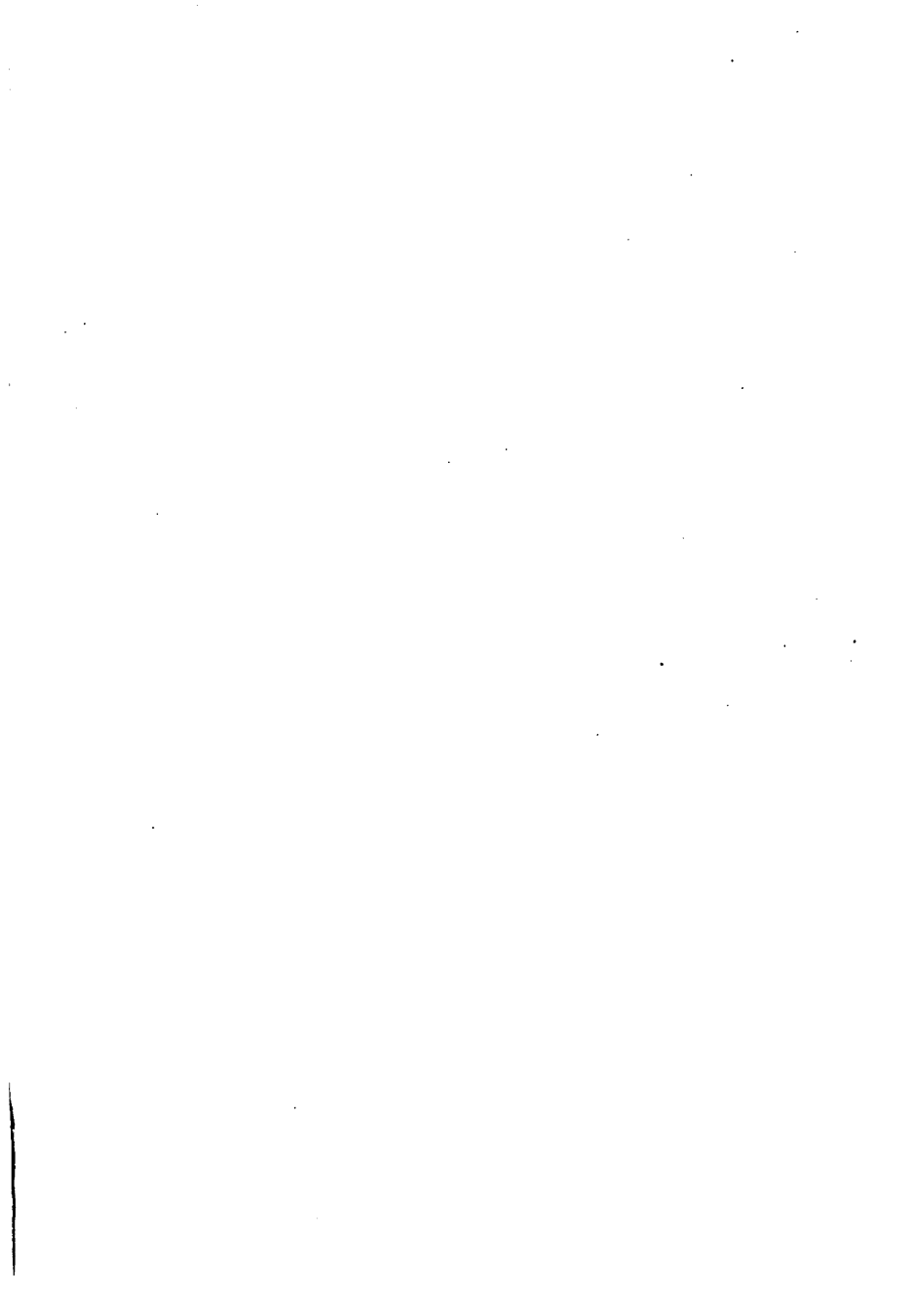
prison	31
Paid fine and costs.....	32
Discharged by court.....	48
Number of women lodgers.....	42
Sent to Insane Hospital.....	14
Turned over to Agent S. P. C. C.....	8
Returned to parents.....	7
Sent to Almshouse.....	2
Sent to Reform School.....	2
Held for safe keeping.....	4
Sent to their homes in other towns.....	7
Discharged sick.....	2
Discharged with reprimand.....	9

Total..... 209

Have made eighteen bowls of gruel for those who were sick, and have, in every case of illness or accident, either of prisoners or tramps, wayfarer or unfortunate of whatever circumstance, brought to my notice, rendered assistance and furnished such necessities as I had means to provide. Beside making gruel, I made tea, coffee and light lunches for those of my prisoners or patients whom I found in need, thinking it economy for the city. Chief Perry kindly furnished most of the tea, coffee, crackers, etc. I have given care to forty-one lost or neglected children during the year; assisted at the bedside of forty-three cases of sick and injured persons, some have required constant attendance the entire night; some of these cases have been men "tramps" or prisoners, as at this time the police station was virtually the "Emergency Hospital".

We have gladly entertained many visitors and officials from other stations during the past year, and have found many staunch friends and willing helpers, to whom all thanks are due.







TO SAVE THE LOST.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LOST CHILD.

Not the least in importance has been my observation and experience with children of drunken parents, from the babe twelve days old to the wayward, obstinate girl or boy of 16; and upon investigation of the latter cases, I am convinced that seven out of ten are more the fault of the home and its influence than of the real badness or evil inclination of the child himself. A little one four years old was picked up and brought to the station as "lost". We telephoned to different stations out of the city, no one could give any information concerning a "lost child". The officers on the different beats were notified to answer to any inquiry, that a lost child was in the Matron's care, waiting a claimant. No one called for the little fellow, who was too small to tell his name or give his residence, but adapted himself to the inevitable, and allowed the Matron to undress and put him to bed for the

night. After washing his little chubby hands and plump fair face, there was such a bright, rosy tint lighting up his countenance, that the Matron drew him close to her and imprinted a real motherly kiss on his rosebud lips. The child started as if shocked, standing erect, looking the astonishment he felt, said: "What for you do dat?" "Why, don't you like to be kissed?" "No," said he. "Why, your mother kisses you, doesn't she?" Apparently more surprised than ever, he answered: "She do not; her clouts me when I spill de beer." In this declaration there was volumes of thought. There was the excuse for the poor little fellow being "lost", and no mother to know where her boy had strayed or even to be missed. What wonder, then, that the child was so surprised at a demonstration of motherly affection, a kiss! apparently the first kiss he ever knew. Her habit of drinking had benumbed her finer feelings and transformed a gentle, loving mother into a cold unfriendly tyrant.

The little fellow was not called for but remained in the Matron's care all night. When the day patrolmen went on duty at eight a. m., one of the men saw the boy, and, thinking he had seen the child playing about Pleasant street, volunteered to take him to find his home. This he did in a few

minutes; for the child lived on Pleasant street, not a quarter of a mile from the station, with his father and mother and baby sister. It was learned that his father was then serving time in the State Work-house, and the mother kept so full of beer that she was regardless of her children. She had been in a drunken carousal all night, and as one of the neighbors expressed it, "did not know whether she had a child or not".

Does it ever occur to the Christian voters of "our own native land" what a commentary upon our civilization are the lost women and the attitude of society towards them? A little girl strays from her home inclosure and the whole community is on the alert to find the wanderer and restore her to her mother's arms. What rejoicing when the dear one is found! How the father and mother almost smother her with kisses and bedew her precious locks with tears of gladness! The darling is found, and once again clasped in the loving arms of parental shelter. What tearful sympathy! And how tenderly neighbors and friends gather around, as if to do one little act of kindness for the lost or the loved one, who are now rejoicing, would be like apples of gold to all concerned. There are no harsh comments on tired feet, be they ever so miry. No

reprimand for the soiled and torn garments; no lack of kisses for the tear-stained face.

But let the child be grown into womanhood, let her be led from it by the scourge of want, or led by the tempters' allurements. What happens? Do Christian men and women go in quest of her? Do they provide all possible help for her return? Or, if she return of her own accord, do they receive her with such kindness and delicacy as to secure her against wandering? Far from it. At the first step she is denounced as lost! "Lost"! echo friends and relatives. "We disown you!" "Don't ever come to disgrace us!" "Lost!" says society indifferently; irretrievably lost! is the prompt verdict of conventional morality.

Ah, will not those lost ones be required at your hands hereafter?

CHAPTER XX.

A DAY'S RAMBLE WITH A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

How long shall conscience be suppressed,
And flagrant crimes be counted right,
And drunkard-making be confessed
Consistent with all Christian light?

How long shall anguished widows weep,
And sorely suffering children wail,
While vilest men their grog shops keep,
And Satan sings his cheeriest hail?

How long shall we endure disgrace
As patrons of the source of crime,
The direct evil of our race,
The bitter curse of every clime?

—*Rev. F. Dennison.*

It is not to be wondered at, that temperance workers have become somewhat disheartened and almost seem to have come to a standstill, shuddering on the brink of despair, when they realize how the dark river of social vice is flowing in torrents through our country, flooding our lands and fair fields with its miasma.

Many are almost ready to give up the strife and count the time lost that is spent in this battle for the right, against this terrible wrong!

But, dear friends, we must consider that the sorrows of the people are our sorrows; and we must have no choice in the path of duty. But wherever "He leadeth" I may safely follow. We must not shrink, though we are called fanatics, fools, temperance cranks, or what not.

It is said that in New York, Boston and even in our own smaller cities, the statistics show an alarming percentage of those who live by the criminal selfishness of men, and the moral indifference of themselves. They are slaves to vice and its twin evil—intemperance. Was there ever a greater bondage than to appetite and unrestrained passion? We learn that the majority of those who are brought under this controlling power, are between the ages of sixteen and twenty-two. It is argued that societies are formed and organized, for the sole purpose of dealing with this evil.

True, we know that such organizations do exist today. But if we would deal justly with the liquor traffic, strike a deadly blow at this hydra-headed monster in our midst, we would be dealing with the cause, and the effect would be left in the hands of

societies. The societies that we meet today are those of educational, aggressive, and real gospel temperance work. We must not be half-hearted, luke warm, laborers; but fired with the same spirit that Paul had, we should go where the work needs us, and the Master sends us.

Having once had the opportunity to give one whole day to field rambles with a Sunday school, I feel impelled to give my readers a word picture of our pleasure and the inspiration and zeal with which we became imbued. We had one year before this met with this same Sunday school and had not forgotten the loving greetings and true "gospel lifts" we had received from our past associations.

The morning dawned bright and beautiful, all nature was the personification of loveliness. As we entered the grove, the stately elms, beech, oak and maple trees, like giant sentinels, seemed to bow us a welcome, and as they stood towering far above our heads, as if pointing to the blue heavens garlanded by nature, bedecked in the varied shades of her artistic fancy, we were for the moment bewildered with admiration.

Then we look down a moment at the mosaic carpet under our feet, the woodland flowers and ferns, the pretty yielding mosses, soft and balmy

grasses. We are indeed overjoyed and for the time being seem to rise above and out of this toilsome, sinful world, until our hearts, like the old "bell of Liberty", seem to ring out the glad peal of praise to him, that we had found one spot on earth untainted by sin and free from the drunkards' haunts of temptation. This was in the town of Saint Albans, Maine.

But amid the grandeur and beauties of this grove—nature's sanctuary, we cannot forget the height and depth of the world's great realities. The shadowy mists that hang over the homes in places where King Alcohol reigns; homes that have been darkened by the blight of the demon drink; homes that have been beggared beyond description; wives that have been left destitute; children that are neglected, abused and cast out; so true it is that "one half of the world knows not the joys or sorrows of the other half".

How I almost rebelled against the realized fact that I must leave this beautiful, quiet and restful grove, and take up the lines of work that I had laid down for this pleasure trip.

My sympathy and desire for those whose misfortune it is to climb the mountains of life's difficulties, and whose warm sunshine of domestic happi-

ness has gone under a cloud of sorrow and dismay, made the home journey all too long, and ere the train reached Pawtucket, my heart and mind was with the unfortunate women I had left a few days before.

I am often asked—"Why do you spend your life 'mid such sad scenes?"

It is because I think the Master gave me this portion of His vineyard to work in; and it seems to be my lot to toil in the valley,—to till the darkest soil, and under cloudy skies to beat my way against wild winds. I must drop a golden kernel into the dark soil, believing that the tender clasp of mother earth will give it back in a harvest of waving grain. Sometimes we are called to reap with bent back under the sun's scorching rays, and our minds turn with longings to the dear Master, in whose loving service we have enlisted.

Saint Augustine said: "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless till we rest in Thee." So we often bow our heads, fold our hands and pause in our work, to turn our thoughts toward the heavenly goal, where beyond these sad wails there is peace,—and the hope that we may yet after our labor ended, hear the Master's "Well done."

Dear friends, do you wonder that there are times in our life when we almost give way to the home longings, and feel to raise our eyes in indefinite yearnings to the hills from whence cometh our help, asking "How long? Oh, Lord, how long must this work of evil go on?" And becoming discouraged at the thoughts of being of so little use myself, I have been sorely tempted to resign my position that a more successful, or more competent, worker might render better service and see more satisfactory results. In one of these moods of self-discouragements, I picked up my Bible, thinking to settle this disquietude of mind by divine guidance.

As I let the book drop in my lap, it opened to these words: "And if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." I thought surely I cannot refuse to lift up this great savior, "the light of the world", even in my feeble way. Some poor soul who is now standing on the brink of a precipice of ruin may be rescued by the efforts that I might put forth. So with this thought I take courage and labor on. The hope of the home beyond and the secret longings for rest there, gives me strength for the duties here.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE LOYAL TEMPERANCE LEGION.

As the question of "Cigarettes" is being brought to the front ranks of our work just now, it seems befitting that I should devote this chapter to the boys and girls of the Loyal Temperance Legion.

I will give an explanation of why boys should be forbidden (by law if need be) the use of tobacco in any form.

In order to be happy we need to be healthy; and no person whose blood is impure or of insufficient quantity can be healthy. What the steam is to the engine, blood is to the human body. When any of the more important vessels holding or conducting steam become injured, the steam escapes, the engine stops.

The steam engine is the work of man, and the work of man can repair any injury to the machinery. But if we take into our system anything that is going to impair our functions, impoverish or diminish our life forces, we need not be surprised if

our life goes out,—as the engine stops. No human power or skill can set in motion or repair the machinery of a collapsed human body.

All physiologists and scientists have demonstrated that pure blood is necessary to a healthy life. Therefore it is probable that an L. T. L., Good Templar, or any total abstainer will be the best specimen of pure blood, unclouded brain and muscular power that can be produced, as the abstinence from tobacco, beer, all narcotics and intoxicant poisons gives them the vantage ground of all that is noble, pure and good.

Tobacco is one of the most injurious agents that can be employed to stupify and dwarf the intellect as well as to destroy the muscular forces. The cigarette not only contains the poison of tobacco, but other deadly poisons. John Ruskin entirely abhors the practice of smoking; his belief is that a cigar or a cigarette will make a boy contented to be idle for any length of time. It is not an easy task to convince a boy whose father uses it that there is harm in using tobacco. The young mind is very susceptible to impressions, either bad or good. "Father smokes," said a little seven-year-old boy the other day, when we found cigar stubs in his pockets.

This constant example lends its influence, and

makes it almost impossible for us to convince the child that the use of tobacco in any form is harmful, sinful and wasteful.

Sinful because it defiles the temple of God made clean and pure ; wasteful because money is expended for cigars, cigarettes and tobacco that is needed for useful things, and in many other ways.

A person addicted to the habit of smoking will tell you that he needs a stimulant after being confined in an office or school room for a few hours, that he becomes dull and listless, so takes a smoke as an invigorator. To such I would advise "fresh air". Open the doors and windows for a few minutes and let the pure aid into your room, driving out the stagnant impure air. No better stimulant can be found than pure air ; but lighting a cigar or cigarette does not purify, it only adds poison to poison, injury to injury.

Tobacco has one virtue which we will not pass by. We are told that it will "kill vermin". We do not doubt it, but maintain the Dutchman's opinion of his "sure kill 'em". You must catch them and put them in it, for no animal will touch it of his own free will, but the Rocky Mountain goat— and man.

Leaving tobacco as one immoral, harmful agent to destroy youth and noble, God given manhood, we

pass on to its twin brother, Alcohol. No L. T. L. can "touch, taste or handle it as a beverage". It is placed among the potent causes of uncontrollable, fatal results that bring about nearly all the want, misery and crime that stock our almshouses, prisons and reformatories. It breeds insanity, suicidal mania and the thousands of ills that are crippling common enterprise and blockading the industries of our nation.

But in the L. T. L.'s era we are looking for noble things, when manhood shall stand upon the plane God intended it should. Is it not beyond our conception why man, with his superior intelligence and reason, should persist in the use of articles that will make them even lower than the brute creation? Many fatal diseases can be assigned to no other cause or origin than to the use of alcoholic stimulants in some form.

It matters not in what form it enters the system, whether beer, wine, cider, or champagne, its effect is the same, and the danger as great, and the apology for its use is just as lame. If we had space in this book we could explain how the brain becomes impregnated, the centres of thought and volition become unbalanced and thrown into chaos.

The mind loses its equilibrium, the rational part of our being gives way, and in fact every faculty assumes a new feature; every vital element of our whole body is disordered, and animal instinct and sentiment seem to have gained the ascendancy. The coward shows up more craven, the braggart more daring, the cruel more cruel, the untruthful more untruthful, until not one redeeming quality seems visible in their whole nature.

Now, either of these vices, by impairing the machinery or the functions of our body, bring on a train of diseases, such as paralysis of nerves, "Delirium Tremens", insanity, apoplexy, and many other things, the mention of which would fill a large book, and the consequences of which are most appalling.

The one thing I desire to impress upon the minds of young readers is that youth is opportunity. It is opportunity to be or aim to do something. The young have the best opportunities. In man and woman they are lessened. We, for the most part, must remain as we are. We seldom see much change in people after they reach the age of thirty-five or forty—except an increased tendency to go in the way they have started.

If they start out a total abstainer it does not take much of a prophet to foretell the character and

career of that boy or girl and there is a field of usefulness marked out for them.

The boy or girl who taking Temperance for his watchword, Christ for an example, Loyalty for his motto, and now for opportunity, will become just such men and women as the world needs today. Unless persons early become fixed in high principles of conduct and feeling, it is hard to bring their minds, to harmonize with conditions they may find themselves placed in. The world does not stand still. It is possible that some time in our life, by no controlling power of ourselves, but apparently in God's own time and way, opportunity like an angel of light knocks at our door for the second or third time, and if we are wise, we will be ever on the alert that no "chance lot" may be lost.

The garden of the mind is very productive soil, which, I assure you, is worth cultivating. Volumes might be printed or written on this subject, but in this little book we can only drop a few "root thoughts", if they are not already planted in the garden of the mind.

They are the roots of all high character. The first is truth; second, purity; third, honor; fourth, reverence. These are four good rules for adoption, and safe for character building.

And while I have named reverence last, it is by no means least. It is the very highest, most beautiful quality. One writer has called reverence the "mother of all virtues", and I think he is right. I have not space to analyze it, but just tell you what it will do for you.

It will keep you from all profanity, lead you to speak respectfully of all religious worship, respect the aged, assist the infirm, will make you kind and considerate of all dumb animals, because they are God's creatures. Dear young friends, if you think of these things you will see why the cigarette should be abandoned, and why these "root thoughts" should be cultivated.

We want so many good things to take root and grow in the minds of our young boys and girls of the Loyal Temperance Legion and others, who are just starting out in life, that there will be no room for the weeds of sin, like intemperance, tobacco habit, profanity and other vices which God cannot suffer to grow in His garden of flowers, i. e., the hearts of the L. T. L.'s.

CHAPTER XXII.

A CASE FOR THE S. P. C. C.

There is a fable that I have read somewhere, which reads thus: Once upon a time Adam asked leave to revisit the earth, and to go over the places he had been familiar with. Having obtained permission, he went first to Germany. The sight of the fatherland studded with universities, the roads, the canals, the bridges, all astonished our great forefather, who no longer made out his former land.

He went on to England, and, lo, railways, engines hissing and puffing in every direction, ports with forests of masts, a bee hive, an ant hill, all busy, bustling, buying and selling. Great was his disappointment on finding everything changed,—aspect of country, dress, tongues, cities, life!

France, he could no more know again. But, hello! What is this? he exclaimed with joy, as he crossed the Bidassoa, and his eye swept Castle Estremadura, Spain. "This," he cried, "I know full well. This is

my terra, my own land, and such as I left it. Vive Dios!"

This is true of today; and if Adam were to visit some of the homes that were once Eden's of happiness, and paradises of contentment, he would find everything changed. He would find the palings off the garden fence; the gate of love, hanging by one hinge, and that the weeds of idleness, slovenliness, immorality, vice and intemperance, had crowded out and killed the fruit of the vine, and caused its branches to wither and die. Indifference in dress, shiftless, uncleanly habits, ill nature, obstinate manners and extravagance have ruined homes that intemperance had no hand in. The bride of today, with all her exquisite neatness, order and prestige, should go on to the perfection of matronly womanhood; but alas, how many are the homes wrecked and made hotbeds of contention, and cesspools of brutality, through the influence of the woman who seemed to don the garb of indifference, when she doffed the bridal robes! Her smiles and freshness have been displaced by frowns and a shiftless contour. Instead of meeting the husband with a cheerful greeting when his day's work is ended and he seeks the home shelter, nothing but complaints, wants, fault finding and censure are offered

him, until goaded and harassed beyond endurance, he walks out, and resolves to drown his trouble in the "flowing bowl", or end it with the ever ready revolver! This picture is not overdrawn. In a home once fair and cosy, presided over by a sweet, matronly young wife, whose delight was to make this home the paradise of love and comfort, a babe came, the golden link of home and heaven. With this change of domestic affairs, environments of other conditions appeared and discord, contention and unpleasant scenes were every day occurrences. The husband and father grew sullen and severe. The wife became fretful, indifferent and slovenly. A viper of darkest hue had been gradually coiling around that cherished bower of love. Debts began to accumulate, harsh words, vile epithets, and at length blows were exchanged. As in all such cases, when the demon Intemperance came into the home, love, industry and all other commendable virtues went out. In a few years this once pleasant fold was a veritable storehouse of shiftless waste and neglect. After the lapse of ten years, when four children had been given these parents to train up for God, and for the future men and women of our land, we are called upon in our official capacity to take the children from this wreck

of a home, and place them in the care of the Agent for the S. P. C. C. The eldest, 9 years, the youngest, 8 months, taken from a drunken father and mother, from the bare and literally empty home; not as much as a cup or plate, not a bed or chair. All had been pawned for whiskey or beer.

The two eldest boys had been sleeping out nights, procuring food from garbage cans and stealing from baker's carts or bake shops; and when asked why they did such a thing, replied, "We did get a little food that way,— and if we went home, we would only get a beating." When asked where they slept when wandering around the street, said, "In an old chicken house. It was better than the hard floor, the ground was warm," though this was in April.

The four children, after having been in the custody of Agent Chas. Thurber two months, were brought to the Probate Court, and final disposal resulted in their being left in care of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children. No one who saw those little ones as they were taken from that beggarly, filthy place they called home, would know them or could seemingly associate those bright, smiling faces and neat, becoming clothing, with any past of that home from which they were taken on that April morning. The father and mother were

in court, and we almost wondered that they knew their own children with the entire change they had undergone. The father was much the worse for liquor, and as he attempted to stammer out some excuse for his neglect to care for his children made matters more evident of his incapability. One of the most worthy and God given blessings to any city where the saloon exists, is such a home as Agent Thurber has for the poor abused, neglected, half starved drunkards' children. They are taken from brutal rum-crazed parents, and through the tender, loving care of the kind Christian Matron's influence, are brought back as it were from the shackles of poverty and neglect, from want and degradation, to a veritable paradise of love and happy comfort, where there is no "beating", no "starving", but peace and plenty.

Alas! what would become of these poor little waifs were it not for "Agent Thurber's Home"? All Rhode Island praise the work, and freely aid the efforts put forth by this humane and noble man. The Home is in the city of Providence, but the whole state reaps the benefit of it. For he brings the lambs from all parts of the state into this "Bethlehem" shelter, and gathers them from city and country towns—"not willing that any should perish".

CHAPTER XXIII.

STILL ANOTHER STATE CHARGE.

Keep on sowing,
God will cause the seeds to grow
Faster than you know.
Nothing e'er is sown in vain
If His voice obeying,
You look upward for the rain,
And falter not in praying.

Keep on praying,
In the bright or darkest day,
Still His voice obeying.
Never from the gates of prayer
Turn with doubting sorrow,
For the One who standeth there
May answer you tomorrow.

In taking up my Bible one morning I opened to this text, "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." I said this is applicable to the liquor traffic. And when we look back over the last ten years of our experience and

observation we cannot wonder at the sad reports we are obliged to make as every Matron keeps a record of her labors, and events are placed upon her book that perhaps do not appear to the eye of the public, or do not in detail get on to the police records.

Were we to chronicle all the sad events and harrowing scenes that daily come under our observation, it would make volumes and volumes. But among the many, a few have been placed in this book. One of these cases, while not directly in our own vicinity, no less interested us, and having occurred so near us that we give it recital here.

Three small children, living in a basement amid filth and squalor, with neither food nor fire (though in February), with a father serving time at the State Workhouse for drunkenness, and with a mother in a continual state of intoxication, were finally taken to Providence by Agent Thurber. The mother was given an opportunity to go to work and earn for herself a respectable living if she would. But she would not, and persisted in drinking until she was sent to the House of Correction for six months. The eldest child was six years of age and the youngest six months.

The father had been sent away some time before the mother was; meantime the neighbors did all in

their power to help the woman up to respectability and tried to give her employment. But she continued to live the lowest kind of a life, and drink up what little she did earn, until she was sent to Cranston as a common drunkard.

Before the mother was taken away from her children,—or the children taken from the home, neighbors had undertaken to help her. They fixed up her house and gave herself and children clothing, put many little fancy things in the home to make it attractive as well as comfortable. Then after a few days some of the ladies called on Mrs. B. who was not at home. They found the children alone, the house in a fearful condition. The little ones cold and hungry, the two younger ones in bed and the oldest one in the kitchen on the floor, curled up on a piece of old carpet like a dog. Then arrangements were made to have them cared for by the neighbors again, and the overseer of the poor was notified. He sent for Agent Thurber, who came out immediately, and the children were taken to his "Home", where they are properly cared for. When an officer went to arrest Mrs. B. she was found in a saloon trying to barter a "tidy" for a glass of beer. She had taken the tidy from her home, and was putting

it up for her drink,—as she had everything else almost that she could carry out.

This mother is but a young girl, who a few years ago was a bright, rosy cheeked little English girl, fresh from her native land.

Now the entire family have become a state charge, and yet they have a good temperance man at the head of the Town Council of the adjoining town where this occurred. Has that temperance man done all he could? Has he accomplished all that it was claimed he would?

The need of the hour is temperance men in principle, men who are honest to their own convictions and will make laws to be enforced, not to be trifled with.

Gladstone said: "Principles are the father of opinions, and they will ultimately be able to assert the parentage by determining the lineaments of the descendants; men individually and in series, commonly know their own opinions, but are often ignorant of their own principles; yet in the long run it is the principles that govern."

We need a revival of interest among our City Fathers—our law makers. It is not so much the activity of the bad men who are breaking the laws of order and defying the state or city laws, but it is

the inactivity of those who are in power, those to whom we look for the execution of the law as made. And this is the greatest difficulty in our temperance work today,—the indifferent waiting for success, instead of the earnest working for it, as they should.

The law says no woman shall be allowed to buy intoxicating drink in a saloon and drink it on the premises. Yet we notice a sign on many saloon side doors which read "Ladies' Entrance", and we are told that a private room is fitted up with chairs, table and fine paintings, for the women who wish to sit and drink unobserved. These women are not the scrub women, mill operatives or domestics always; but they are wives and daughters of some of our business men. Why should they not? Do not these very business men make the law that provides this state of things? Often we get one or more of these women in the police station, and they tell me of these places, and the most satisfactory evidence of the truth of their statement is the condition in which they are brought to me, one helpless as an infant, another like a raving tigress.

The circumstances which surround a police matron are very depressing to a sensitive and sympathetic mind, and the woman who would be fitted for this office must have great physical endurance,

much patience and excellent judgment. There are tender services which sometimes try human endurance, even though such services are rendered for the sake of Him, who did not fail to forgive even such as these.

Some people seem to think that blind Fate has left them helpless at the door of creation like a weak foundling, and they go through life deploring their condition; ever wishing they had a place among the free born in the school of life where they might labor for the unfortunate and could know that they "were doing some good". How many times I have heard this statement!

I believe there is a place for every one in the great scheme of this world, and that God has given us power and talents, and placed us here to be workmen, and that we have a work to do that will not be done at all unless it is done by us.

People are apt to say, "Yes, we are the workmen, but what can we do? We are powerless to stop this license law, our efforts are fruitless against this immorality and lawless traffic."

Let us reason together, my readers, and see if we *are* utterly helpless to stop this evil. It can be banished as a nuisance or as unsanitary. We may bring the charge of a disturber of the peace, a cor-

rupter of our civilization; bring charges of cruelty, of destruction to property, a dethroner of the home, and a scourge upon the community. All these charges can be brought against the liquor traffic. We have a remedy for this evil—Government can interfere. This is the people's government *for the people's good*, not for their harm, and this is the protection of their homes, their property and themselves. It is every man's friend. But there is still another and far more potent factor, i. e., the Gospel of Jesus Christ makes every man our brother, whom we are to help as his needs require. We are not to burden him with an excess of care, of hardship, poverty and crime. But we are to lift up the weak hands, remove the barrier to progress, or, in other words, take stumbling blocks from the paths of those who might fall. Were we to lift our people with gospel lifts, to a standard of morality, where every man would spurn this evil and look upon it as a barbarous iniquity that should have no place in Christian civilization, the whole thing would die out with its entire train of evils.

Convince the people of the cause of all the suffering that the criminal records show; the suicidal mania, the many cases of insanity, originating from alcoholic poisons, and you will gain the victory over

this evil. But until the churches, the pastors and Christian workers become interested in the cause of Temperance, and look upon this soul destroying traffic with the horror that they do upon other impiety, we must struggle on.

CHAPTER XXIV.

GOD'S BANK.

Build a little fence of trust around today;
Fill the space with loving words and therein stay;
Look not through the sheltering bars for tomorrow;
God will help thee bear what comes of sorrow.

There is a bank that is never suspended, the doors are never closed against depositors. There is no special banking hours, you do not have to wait until 9 a. m. before you can draw from or deposit; you cannot overdraw. This is God's bank, and the riches of His grace are untold! These are the only riches we can take with us to the "Mansions prepared for us" eternal in the heavens. Now would some of my dear young readers like to know how to increase their wealth in this bank?

Some may ask how are we to put our treasures in God's bank?

George R. Scott has given the best answer to this question in his talk to young converts, and I will quote this, as a help to those who are asking, "What can we do with our one little talent?" "Wrap up one of the precious promises in a chicken sandwich, and give it to some hungry outcast, some poor sinner"—who has drunk up his last cent, and in consequence is driven into the street, to combat with the beggarly elements of scorn and contempt; he knows that humanly speaking he deserves no better; but the Master, would He do likewise? Bread and fish had a wonderful power over the multitude in the days when Jesus was on earth, and fish and bread have not lost their power over the masses.

Many times have I given the prisoners in my care a cup of cold water, and received the "God bless you" from the parched lips of one who seemed to be almost insane with the cravings of whiskey, and the burning of the inflamed membranes covering the throat and stomach, caused by their long debauch. A cup of coffee, milk or gruel seems to quiet them, and when in this terrible state of mind and body they are ready for any emergency, often threatening suicide, or bodily harm of some kind. Here is the opportunity and the *need* to sow the

seed. And were we to let these opportune chances pass, because we could not see how we could help with our limited means, we should lose many blessings ourselves, as well as deprive others of theirs. It is such a little thing to give a flower or to send a poor "shut in", a bunch of flowers, especially one of those unfortunate poor whom "nobody cares for". One morning as I returned from breakfast to the station, I plucked some marigolds and nasturtiums, and carrying them to my prisoner I said: "Ann, here are some fresh blown flowers, right from my garden, for you." She took them in her hands, and said: "Matron, these marigolds take me back to my home away up in Proctorsville, Vermont. My mother and sisters used to have beds and beds of them, and I feel as if they were near me now." This opened the way for a possibility for God's word, and I had a long talk with her, dropping a root thought, or a seed, in the soil that had been fertilized and made ready by that tiny bunch of flowers. I am sure we must believe that if "God's word shall not return unto Him void", He will also bless His own handiwork.

I know of nothing that so beautifully teaches God's care and protection of the weak, frail ties of

the earth, as the lessons of love we get from the flowers.

There are sad hearts, sad homes, and darkened skies, wherever the rum power has cast its blight, but these homes, however dark and gloomy, can be brightened, cheered up, and in many of them the tears give place to smiles, by some one's "one talent". So let us pick up the small things if we cannot carry the large ones. Even the wealthy and most comfortable persons become sad and need our cheerful efforts to uplift and make their care and burdens lighter, and much more so those who are hedged in and around with dark despair, and how many times have the hearts been given joy and pleasure by the sweet remembrance of some loving token of friendship. A potted plant sent to a sick person, an "Easter Lily" to arrive on an Easter morn, with a scripture text from the word of "Our Risen Lord", to the dingy, cheerless home of the poor woman who must toil early and late to get the bare necessities of life for herself and little ones.

A few years ago, I carried a tiny bulb of a lily to a little lame child, and planted it in a "tomato can". She watched for its coming with the "tiny sprout" I had told her we could expect, until one afternoon she awoke from a nap, and saw the green shoot only

just visible above the earth. She was delighted, and every time I went to see her I read, or recited, a scripture text. The plant stood on the window in front of her, where she had a good view of it. It grew all through February and March, and as other shoots started up from the mother bulb, she gave them all a name, and called them "her children". In nine weeks she was able to walk about, and her mother said: "Katie never seemed to suffer so much pain, nor was she so peevish and fretful while watching her lily bulb treasures,"—and as she expressed it—"How God grewed her lilies." There were three pretty white and pink variegated flowers on them, and the last scripture text she learned was "Consider the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Katie now is a Mrs. L., and one of the W. C. T. U. Flower Mission workers. Her "seeds" and deeds of loving service are not all sown in her own home, though there is no scarcity of them there. I have given this simple account to encourage my readers to use the means at their command, however meagre and unwarrantable they may seem. Think of "one grain of mustard seed" and apply it spiritually, then leave the result to Him, who hath said that even a cup of water given in His

name shall not lose the reward. A poor tired child, young or old, has been made to forget the aching head and limbs by the single rose handed to her as she passed on her way home from mill or shop.

So let us sow seeds of love, and reap flowers of blessings. If we have only one talent, and that so very small we can scarce discern it, let us be content to use that and console ourselves with the thought that perhaps God only wanted us to have one talent, and gave us that one to use in the plain common work that no one else cared to do. What a glorious distinction has been given to Simon, a Cyrenian, "they compelled him to carry the cross" of our Saviour. No other one was given that work. So it may be the work that falls to us to do, is the work that we can do best; and just where the dear Master needs us most. And as long as there are sorrowful homes, bleeding hearts, tempted and tired among our poor people, we can find our place with our one talent.

If little acts of kindness, little deeds of love, and the small attentions of friends are so much appreciated by those whose daily paths are spread in fields of plenty, and luxuries of sunshine and blessings,—how much more must those whose lives are constantly dark and cheerless, in homes of poverty and

want appreciate and enjoy such favors? The star that shone in Bethlehem had no more significance for those Shepherds than has the gospel lights to-day, if only the message were carried into these homes so darkened and benighted by the rum power. The wails of thousands and thousands are calling to workers all over the world, and none should stand on the threshold of opportunity and say "Is it I?" but should immediately answer the summons with the "Here am I." Send me with my "one talent". I can carry a flower or a cup of cold water "in His name".

CHAPTER XXV.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

Many pathetic incidents are narrated in this book ; but one can scarce imagine a hundredth part of the Matron's experience as day after day she follows her vocation. One of the events that called forth our unlimited sympathies, was the death of an aged woman. After having been brought to the station in a state of insensibility or in alcoholic stupor, all efforts to arouse her proved futile. We could find no one who knew her or had we anything to surmise from. She remained all one night in this unconscious state, breathing heavily. A physician was called in consultation, who pronounced it a debauch and simply advised "letting her alone", but at 8 o'clock in the morning, her respiration and countenance changed rapidly, and she died at 8:30 without gaining consciousness.

A bit of newspaper wrapped around her glasses had the subscriber's name slip on, and to that address we telephoned and found her friends, who came, and the Medical Examiner turned the body over to them. The granddaughter afterwards wrote asking me if the "grandmother was intoxicated," and gave her age as 71. The children and grandchildren could not control her, and she could not control the appetite. So the saloon had completed the work it began. And who is responsible?

Another old woman whom Judge S. said had "been traveling the road to and from the State Workhouse for 20 years", was brought before the court one day and charged with being intoxicated. She very readily pleaded "Guilty" to the charge, and was at last allowed to "go". Her release was not for her good, however, for not a month had passed ere the "ambulance" was called out one evening about 6 o'clock, and poor old Mary Slavin was brought in nearly dead.

She had a room in a rickety old attic, and up a steep flight of stairs that had just barely a step at the top, scarce wide enough for one to stand. Climbing to the top of the stairs with a tin pail (such as lard is bought in) filled with beer, she made a mis-step and fell to the floor below, striking her head on

the pail. She severed the scalp, lacking three inches, and that was just where the hair was twisted in a coil at the back. When they brought her in from the ambulance and placed her upon a bed, the scalp fell back on the pillow, as if it had been a wet cloth. Twenty-seven stitches were required to replace it. She was carried to the State Hospital, where she died in a few days. Such was the terrible ending of one who had earned the title of an "Old Timer" for serving so many terms at the State Workhouse and House of Correction.

There are people today in this city who can remember when that same "Mary" was a bright and comely young woman, capable of obtaining the best situations and commanding the highest wages.

While a servant in one of the hotels, she often carried beer, wine or any other drinks that were ordered to the rooms of patrons, and she learned to like the taste of, and acquire the appetite for, strong drink. When she married she only stepped down in the ruinous stream, for she wedded a bartender, and plenty of beer was furnished her then. She died at the age of 78, and it was said of her that "for fifty years she had never drawn a sober breath, only while in prison", serving her six months.

All that was ever said, or could be said of her when the announcement of her death reached us, was: "Poor old Mary, she was her own worst enemy."

Many other cases among the aged women are as worthy of note, and appeal to our sympathies with as much force, but to mention them in this book would take too much time and space. Therefore I will pass on to one of fewer years, but a human wreck, the mother of three children, all grown to young womanhood. The eldest, 19, was a young lady of exceptional beauty and deportment. The mother looked only a trifle older, so much so that they were often taken for sisters. They kept house and the mother was supposed to be housekeeper, while the three daughters earned the support. The mother's health began to fail, and a physician was called. He advised her to take "stimulants", suggested whiskey, malt, ale, etc. Following his advice, she became so addicted to the use of these remedies that ere she was aware of it a terrible appetite had been formed and there seemed eminent danger of ruin. The eldest daughter consulted me, and I assured her I would see her mother and do what I could to disabuse her mind of the necessity in her case of "stimulants".

But to my astonishment that very night she was brought in as a prisoner, boisterously intoxicated. One minute screeching and crying, the next swearing and pounding, and perhaps the next singing or praying. Of course nothing could be done for her. No impressions could be made for good or bad while in that raving delirium. In the evening the two eldest girls came to the station. Hearing her, was more than enough; they did not care to see her, and hastened away almost frantic with grief. She was taken before the court the next morning, arraigned for being "found drunk on the street", sentenced to pay a fine of \$2 and costs, which was \$4.60. The daughter paid the fine, and lovingly clasped the mother in her arms, never even censuring her, but said to me: "Mrs. Jenks, I want you to pray for my poor mother. Dr. ————— is the one wholly to blame for this." That mother was a prisoner once afterwards, but with unceasing efforts we followed her case, and with many pleadings, prayers and tears she did, through divine grace, overcome the appetite, and resisting the temptations to drink has for the last four years lived a changed life.

We are often asked, what are the Temperance organizations doing? They are said never to amount to anything, because they do not accomplish any-

thing. It is seldom that a newspaper prints an occurrence like the two quoted in this chapter, even when all the circumstances and the most minute details are known. Why? This would reflect discredit upon the saloon. The display of goods in the various windows of dry goods stores, shoe departments, hardware, markets and millinery establishments, represents the proprietor's business. The carriages in view are exhibits of the manufacturing carried on within that building. Why not display the manufacture of the saloon keepers' business? Were the samples of Rhode Island breweries' and saloons' work brought into view, there would not be room for them to stand in the whole state, and I doubt not if half were lying around prostrate outside, as they are inside, we should need help of Massachusetts to display Rhode Island's industry, which should be labeled "Specimens of Saloon Work."

This might be a good object lesson to those who oppose franchise to women.

Dr. Parkhurst said: "You can't reach with your prayers what you won't reach with your hands."

Temperance workers need to come down a few paces, come into the lowly humble walks of life; they need to look down for work, but look up for help.

The organization of women in the Temperance work has proved the most effective instrument in combativeness against the rum traffic that has ever been tried. Nothing has ever come to the world that has done so much good, and now we only need the "Suffrage Law" to place woman in her proper position of affairs; and we should see what resources they have in themselves, to extend their influence, to promote and increase their work.

A man in my hearing once said: "I had rather face all the powers of darkness on the temperance question than to meet two of those white ribbon women." If two little white ribbon bows can put to flight one stalwart License Commissioner, my sisters, let us be loyal to the White Ribbon, the silent messenger; it can cast its influence and power where we cannot vote and where words fall on deaf ears. God bless the White Ribbon that encircles the Globe and binds in friendship and love all the nations on earth.

There have been many questions asked as to why the white ribbon instead of blue or any other color was chosen for our badge.

The basic principle that it suggests is: First, pure; then peaceable,—“a principle that often demands heroic action”.

I have met in traveling some very pleasant and helpful companions, through the winsome little bow of white. The captains on boats, conductors, porters or brakemen on board the trains, have sometimes expressed themselves as glad to see "that little white ribbon". An old gentleman on a New York boat once came to me and offered me his hand, saying: "My wife wore that for twelve years, and eight months ago was buried with her bow of white ribbon on her dress." I met a young girl in the Boston and Maine station once, who had traveled from Watertown, N. Y., and said as she drew back her jacket: "I have the white ribbon on, but I put it out of sight, as I have not seen one before since I left home, this morning." She gave me her card, and I found she was a President of the Y. W. C. T. U. of Watertown. She was a pleasant companion as far as Portland, Me., where we parted ways, but not principles.

Wear your white ribbon, dear sisters, sooner forget your pocketbooks.

Don't put it out of sight because you see no others wearing it. They, too, may have "one out of sight". Let it be our light, and so "let our light shine".

Another vacation time has come and once more I will give my readers a little outing with me—out of

the depths and shadows in the lives of these poor victims of the rum power. Were it not that God calls me aside to rest, I fear I should grow weary and faint by the way.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BACK TO MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME ON THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

SUNSIDE, Green County, N. Y., Aug. 7, 1898.

Nestled down in the valley, under the slope of one of the grand old mountains, I am quietly spending this Sunday afternoon.

I would like to give you a descriptive view of our quiet retreat in this beautiful valley, but my vocabulary is all too inadequate to do justice to it. Although the march of civilization and progress has made many changes, the rugged hills and mountains still wear the same aspect, clothed in the same garb Mother Nature provided three hundred years ago. Man has added his work in many places, marring the grandeur and beauty of the scenery by his waste of the magnificent forest cleared away to give place to iron rails, over which trains now go instead of the old stage stage coach. But all these are nothing in comparison to the original beauties of this valley and mountain range. The same genial sun throws

its golden glories over the same azure hills by day and the same chaste moon adds her beauty to the landscape at night that it did long ages ago. Since the advent of the first traveler here—Henry Hudson—thousands have come and gone, but none could describe the beauties of these grand old Catskill Mountains with justice so I make no pretense to do so.

Here on these mountains, amid the roar of their numerous water falls and cataracts, the voice of the Mohicans rang out through the resounding mountains. This was the haunt of Uncas and Hawk Eye, the great Mohican chiefs. Nature here furnishes food for geologists as well as botanists, and also a page for the philosopher. The historian finds plenty of events, incidents and traditionary legends; for here the Indian warriors and hunters scouted for ages before the "pale faces" made their advent among them, and many a time were the slumbers of our forefathers disturbed by the whoops and loud yells of the savages.

This whole valley was once the dominion of the Mohican Indians, and, according to their traditions, this was their place of listening. Here they came to get echoes of the voices of a vanished people. You have undoubtedly read of Minne-wa-wa, the

old squaw of the mountains, which is borne to us in broken fragments, but properly joined is something like this: In their belief, there existed somewhere in a far off country, the red man's paradise—a land of deers, salmon and beaver. They had traveled all over these mountains to find it, but they were unsuccessful and almost overcome by famine. They were on the point of giving up the chase, when old Minne-wa-wa came. "The pleasant voice" came among them after a ramble all alone by herself, and she told them to "follow her", "she had heard echoes of her spirit friends to come down to the valley, where were deer and game of all sort". So they followed her to this valley, and named it "Sunside". Afterward when they were stronger in numbers, and finding the game growing too scarce for the tribe, they began to wander for more fertile quarters. Minne-wa-wa, though called the "morning star", was left by her tribe, and among them were two sons, but according to the Indian idea of filial affection they were not supposed to care for her when she could no longer render them assistance, so she was left behind. Then she betook herself to the mountains to grieve in solitude near the spot where in her younger days her loved ones had fallen and their spirits had flown to happier hunting grounds,

finding a place where she could dig roots, pick berries and subsist on whatever game came in her way. She had the little swamp flies, Wah-wah-tay-see, for light at night, and by their flickering glimmer she climbed the mountain "High Peak". This is the one under the shadow of which I am now writing. The closing part of the legend is that she charmed the little fireflies (lightning bugs) so that they all came into her hut, and having the good of her people still at heart, she would let one fly out at a time that it might follow the tribe to light their way, hoping the flash of its light would keep off the monsters or reveal their presence so none of the tribe of Mohicans should suffer. So this is the abode of the "Last of the Mohicans", and in the twilight of a still evening the sound of the rustle of the wind through the trees on the mountains is said to be the evening song of Minne-wa-wa, "the last of the Mohicans".

CHAPTER XXVII.

TWO MAGIC WORDS—"MOTHER" AND "HOME".

Taking up the lines of work again, after a ten days' furlough, we must stop a moment to think what to do with two wayward young girls that we find in charge upon our return. They are from New Bedford, Mass., aged fourteen and fifteen. Have followed a circus, and after three days find themselves stranded, without money or friends, in a large city, uncared for. We look about us to see what can be done. One said, "Send them to the Reform School," another says, "Turn them out." But our mother heart says take them in as you would your own, give them some food, seasoned with good advice, draw them into your confidence. Show them the error of their ways by loving tender sympathy, though they have strayed far from the home, and you realize the wrong, and the just provocation for the parents' discipline. Do not we do the same with our Heavenly Father? So we are to show pity as

we would receive pity, and forgive as we would be forgiven.

Taking their hands in mine, I said: "You are far from home, and I am very sorry for you, my dear girls. I am the mother of three girls, and I never could have imagined one of them leaving home and mother like this. Is there not some mistake? Have you not been hasty and rebellious?" As I drew one of them to my side and held my arm around her, she said: "My mother is always scolding and I am sure does not care for me, and I don't want to live at home. When I go home she tells me I am only a burden to her." The youngest one admitted that she had a good home, everything pleasant, but added: "My folks will not allow me to go anywhere."

After convincing these dear young girls that I was their friend, and not only pitied, but loved them and would help them to return to their homes, that I would intercede with the parents to grant their forgiveness, they promised never to run away again. Then I went to the Judge and Chief and obtained their discharge, and sent for the parents to come after them.

In this, the closing chapter of this little book, I must say a word to sister co-laborers. I am sure

this whole book is but the repetition of your own work.

But we should never fail to speak out the kindly thoughts and feelings.

Some people seem to think that the utterance of complimentary words, however well deserved they are, is weak, sentimental and unworthy; or to lend an ear of sympathy to a person who is overtaken in a fault, or has committed a crime, no matter under what impulses, what circumstances, or how penitent they may be afterwards, whom stern persons may tell us are not deserving of sympathy, of leniency or friendly recognition. I have been told, in a gentle reproof, that it was "no punishment to a woman to be brought into custody and fall into my care." That I could not be severe with them, and make their imprisonment hard to bear, consequently they soon repeated the offence.

This is not wholly true, for I have had many cases where kind words, the silent touch of the hand, or the least recognition of the prisoner, seemed a quiet soothing balm, for no sooner would I take her hand and say, "Don't cry, dear, you are not alone," than she would place all her trust and confidence in my proffered assistance, open her heart to me, and tell

me the truth, where otherwise she might have stoutly denied her guilt and caused much trouble.

Just as the runaway girls felt, at first they were not willing to tell where their homes were, and did not give us their right names, but when their confidence in me and the affectionate motherly manner in which they were cared for, convinced them that they had nothing to fear, they told me the truth and gave me a history of the home influence that assured me the fault was not wholly theirs.

People sometimes, and indeed too often, fail to recognize the value of cheerful, hopeful words, and do not understand that it is worth while to speak them. But I have learned that words of encouragement, of inspiration, of cheer, or of commendation, are better oft-times than angels visits to those to whom they are spoken. We ought not to withhold anything that is good and that which will so richly bless hungry hearts and weary spirits.

How many are the heart breaking mothers who appeal to the "Police Matron" for "advice", which in reality means sympathy! They are crushed to the depths with heartaches and agony of spirit, feeling that the world itself has turned to darkness for them. They crave a kind word, a drop of consolation. What can we do better than pity, and point

them to higher powers than City Fathers? A tender touch, a kind word here mean so much to these care-worn, overburdened mothers, whose life has been thus clouded by intemperance.

She may not be the partaker, but for the sin of others she suffers.

What more pitiable sight than to see children fleeing from the footsteps of those whose coming should be a delight? Yet, in many cases children, who are brought into the police station as "Lost children", picked up on the street, will shrink from the step, or touch of the parent who comes to claim them. They know their unsteady step and rough manner; they fear to meet them, many times clinging to the Matron as if for protection.

Oh! how few, how few, know the ins and outs, the lights and shadows of a Police Matron's life! We must toil while others sleep, we must not censure, but pity, and though our efforts, our prayers, or work sometimes seem fruitless, we must not give up discouraged, but drop a seed in all kinds of soil. "Sow beside all waters," and look to the Master for the harvest gathering.

Police Matron's work, like Charity, will always be needed as long as intemperance flourishes in our land. Consecrated women should be found and

placed in every station or house of detention, to care for women who, through any unfortunate circumstances, are detained therein. Every city and town should make it a law that the man who sells drink to the laborer and thereby deprives his wife and children of their necessities, should be compelled to support and educate his children. There are children under the age limit working in factories and mills, whose parents have falsely given their ages that they might get them to work.

Our churches are active in work against sin and impiety, but what are they doing for the banishment of this drinking system?

The churches have faithfully labored for souls for years, and we cannot count the labor lost, and we do not expect to dispense with churches and gospel work, as long as a soul is left out of the Kingdom. It is just as true that the Temperance work is a necessity, and a very great one, in all the forms by which it may benefit humanity, and it will need to be earnestly looked after, worked for and supported. Homes for inebriates, prisons, jails and almshouses must be built; officers, matrons, nurses, physicians must be employed; salaries paid, and this for what? For the temperance cause? No, for the cause of Intemperance! And this will be so as long as "greed

and appetite continue to make knaves and fools of men”.

When Christian people rise in their might and place shoulder to shoulder against this foe over it goes, and this earth would be rid of its last curse.

So, beloved sister Matrons, and W. C. T. U. co-workers, hold on to your courage, and to the mighty arm of Him who hath said, “Lo, I am with you always.” Though the work be tedious and wearisome, the way dark and dreary, let us keep this thought uppermost, it is the Master’s work, I am sent in response to the “Here am I.” Let us count nothing a failure that the dear Heavenly Father has given us to do, and in all places, all trials, if doubts or fears assail us, let us enquire more earnestly, “Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?”

The closing of this little book leaves me still following where the Father leads. I do not expect to reap a reward here for what I do. I may never hear the “well done”. But I do expect the “She hath done what she could” from Him who said: “Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me.”

DR. MARY A. JENKS,

Police Matron.



COUNTWAY LIBRARY



HC 2IME %

t. 3822

Behind the bars, or, Ten years 1902

Countway Library

AJB7



3 2044 045 149 838

t. 3822

Behind the bars, or, Ten years 1902

Countway Library

AJB7805



3 2044 045 149 838